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Events of the Week.

"THE Prime Minister's invitation to Mr. de Valera and Sir James Craig to meet each other in a free conference (writes an Irish correspondent) changes the aspect of the Irish struggle. The Press has hailed it as a sure guarantee of peace. Elsewhere a happy issue was encouraged by threats of the dreadful alternative. Easy optimism and threats are equally beside the point. Her experience excludes Ireland from the one, and one imagines that the mind of Sinn Fein will not be easily shaken by the other. It is in a critical spirit, therefore, that Ireland approaches the consideration of this offer. It is freely recognized as an advance, substantial in form, even if illusory, an offer not lightly to be spurned. Mr. George now proscribes no solution and no individual. He states no policy of his own, but the possibility of a settlement is to be explored to the utmost in a company of Mr. de Valera's unfettered choice. In this an advance is admitted, but Ireland still chews a bitter cud of scepticism. That is not unnatural. With the Lord Chancellor's rude menace still echoing through the new voices she may be excused for thinking that this is another of Mr. George's attempts to put Ireland in the wrong in the world's eyes and, if she refuses to dance to his music, to justify the steps he has promised in punishment of her fatuity.

"MR. GEORGE pleads his fervent desire to end a ruinous conflict which has for centuries divided Ireland. Is it surprising that this plea of the promoter of partition should not ring in Irish ears with the sincerity which should characterize a State document? He would seem to Ireland again to be at his game of representing her discontents as an affair of two factions rather than a conflict between two nations. It seems to us that the success of these negotiations depends on the abandonment of this point of view. Whatever you may say, Sinn Fein, when it speaks with England, speaks with the authoritative voice of the national will. It does not speak with the accent of a province or a party. There are internal differences, but their adjustment does not require the intervention of any Englishman. The position of mediator between two contending sections appeals to Mr. Lloyd George, and suits an English policy. But this is not a deal between two coalmen in which Mr. Lloyd George can play a useful part.

"HERE, therefore, are elements of great difficulty, patent or concealed or perhaps imaginary, which it will be the business of Sinn Fein to eliminate from the proposal or from its own imagination before it is likely to proceed to work. A conference or conferences are very desirable. Mr. de Valera has rejected many overtures on the ground that they did not come from principals or were too vague, or were hedged with insulting restrictions. A conference with the Prime Minister with the present open terms of reference is not of this character. Further, Sinn Fein has shown itself willing to discuss and adjust with Irishmen any Irish difference; it has already offered definite guarantees to the Six Counties. But to mix conferences is as dangerous as to mix drinks.

"THEREFORE it is unlikely that this offer will (a) be accepted offhand, or (b) rejected without an effort to remove those elements which jeopardize its success. The issues are too grave. There is an international side to the question which makes peace necessary. There are in Ireland reasons as potent to reinforce the urge towards peace. Ireland may well go on to spend herself in her war for liberty. But in that long struggle there will be no neutrals. Southern Unionism is a dwindling political force. If the war continues the classes from which it comes will disappear. Life and livelihood will both go, and this Southern Unionism knows full well. The heirs to their inheritance in the North are in little better case. Belfast has of late had to recognize that Southern Ireland has something like a strangle-hold on its prosperity. Lord Londonderry made the admission of Belfast dependence in a statesman's speech, and the admission was also made in an earlier series of private attempts to have the boycott raised. Belfast wants peace—on terms; and it may gradually awaken to the fact that Sinn Fein was always a consenting party to its local autonomy. Sinn Fein also wants peace—on terms. They are high terms, but if your country looks abroad, and especially to America and the Dominions, she may think it wise to advance pretty near to them."

MEANWHILE, events have moved. Mr. de Valera has made a two-fold answer to the invitation. This answer is dictated by his position as the spokesman of the Irish people, who must consider England on the one hand and have a just regard for Irish minorities on the other. Replying to Mr. Lloyd George, he expresses the earnest desire of his colleagues to help in bringing about a lasting peace between the peoples of these two islands, but he sees no avenue by which it can be reached so long as Ireland's essential unity is denied and the principle of national self-determination set aside. He postpones a fuller reply until he has met representatives of the chief Irish political minorities. The first step towards this meeting has been taken in his concurrent invitation to Sir James Craig, representing the Six-County opinion, and to the Earl of Middleton and three other representatives of Southern Unionism, to meet him in conference in Dublin next Monday. It is obvious that the general feeling of Southern Unionists is in favor of accepting Mr. de Valera's invitation, for these four leading men have already done so. That is an act of statesmanship. Sir James Craig, who on former occasions has been perfectly willing to meet Mr. de Valera, wires that having

accepted the Prime Minister's invitation, it is impossible for him to arrange the other meeting. This is a position which he can hardly maintain, having regard to his earlier meeting. We hope, therefore, that he will weigh the considerations which Mr. Churchill, in his speech last Tuesday, commended to the British people in their Irish relations: "Very much larger and wider considerations which lie outside and beyond the compass of this United Kingdom, and which spread into the most distant quarters of the globe." The Six Counties cannot ignore these considerations. Nor, in view of the issues at stake, is Mr. Lloyd George likely to hold him to his undated appointment. For its ultimate success depends greatly on this initial step.

* * *

THE Executive of the Miners' Federation have made the best of a bad situation. The terms of the provisional agreement whose acceptance they urge on their members do not differ materially from those rejected in the ballot vote. The reduction for the three months of the temporary period is limited to 2s., 2s. 6d., and 3s. respectively, whereas in the preceding offer the amounts for the second and third months were not fixed. The terms for the permanent settlement are to remain in operation for an additional three months, but the minimum wage remains at 20 per cent. above what are virtually the 1914 earnings. This means, after allowing for the provision of an undefined "subsistence" wage for the lowest paid workers, that a large proportion of the 600,000 day wage workers will be limited to this minimum after September, even though the cost of living remains at 100 per cent. above pre-war standard, unless the industry enjoys such abounding prosperity that a surplus profit can be distributed in the ratio of 83 per cent. to the men and 17 per cent. to the owners.

* * *

WE are afraid this possibility is remote. Consider for a moment the operation of the profit-sharing scheme. The March figures of the industry showed that the average earnings per person employed were £5 a week. Assume that this is reduced to £4 in October, and that the number of workers in the mines is cut down to a million. That would give an aggregate wage bill of £208,000,000 a year for the whole industry, and the standard or gross profit would be 17 per cent. of that amount, or £35,000,000—a far larger sum than any recorded in a pre-war year. A higher aggregate profit than this hardly seems to be realizable, but what will happen, of course, is that under the district settlement now accepted there may be high profits and surplus wages in some coal-fields, and not in others. Therefore, apart from the fact that the wages of many miners are likely to be much below the cost-of-living standard, the variations between the districts may jeopardize the success of the profit-sharing scheme. The failure to take account of these facts, and the total obscuration of the need for reorganizing the industry and promoting the more efficient production of coal, rob the settlement of any single element of statesmanship.

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THE reluctance of the men's leaders to admit fully and frankly that the struggle has ended in defeat, led them in their manifesto to write of the profit-sharing principle as a valuable gain. But at the same time they justify the acceptance of the terms on the ground that "every economic and political factor is dead against us." It is a pity that the Union leaders failed to face frankly the implications of the trade depression, and formulate a common policy with a fair chance of winning public support. Nothing could show the need of such a policy

more vividly than the disclosures of Mr. Thomas. Happily, as one writes, there seems to be a better prospect of a settlement in the engineering industry, on the lines of an initial wage reduction acceptable to the workers, with an understanding that the position will be reviewed in September. If the dispute should actually end in this way, it will show that both employers and men have taken to heart the lessons of the coal conflict, which might always have been avoided if the principle of scaling down wages gradually and moderately, and in proportion to the fall of prices, had been accepted at the beginning. The shipbuilding employers, whose prospects are not cheerful, were wise enough to avoid trouble by meeting the men in a reasonable spirit. A fight in the building trade has been avoided much in the same way.

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WE must reserve for this week full comment on the sentence of six months' hard labor on Mr. Inkpin, the Secretary of the Communist Party of Great Britain. We are not aware that any of the Communist writings charged against Mr. Inkpin were his work, or that it was pretended that they were. Responsibility for them was simply fixed on him as the Secretary of the party. This is bad enough. But what we hate is this war on opinion. Communism is a view of life. A good many people deduce it from Christianity; others not. It is unacceptable to most British minds. Is that a reason why it should be locked up by Dogberries behind prison bars, instead of being talked out among freemen?

* * *

WHEN Lord Curzon made his proposals for Allied mediation in the Greco-Turkish War, it was generally assumed that he must have ascertained in advance that the Greeks would welcome his proposals. No one who knows the Greeks would have expected such a surrender. It now turns out that Lord Curzon had no such assurance. The Greeks have rejected his proposals very politely, very promptly, but very decisively. Their action, they declare, must be dictated by military considerations; while as for any settlement, that has been laid down in the Treaty of Sèvres. In other words, they mean to go on with their offensive, and refuse to consider any diminution of the territories already assigned to them by the Allies. Indeed, so far from taking less, their thoughts seem to be running on the prospect of getting more, and some Athenian papers are talking openly of their claims to Constantinople. The King (who is at Smyrna, but has not yet gone to the front) could hardly risk his popularity and his reputation as a commander by retreating now. One wonders whether the British Government, in making this offer of mediation, was acting under the advice of M. Venizelos. If so, it was plainly interested advice.

* * *

MEANWHILE, though the terms offered to the Greeks seemed to us somewhat stingy, a modification of them would have been an honorable means of ending the war. They have suffered a defeat near Ismid, which may have serious consequences. The news is contradictory as usual, but apparently it is not true that Ismid has been taken. Should it fall, the Greek line would be easily turned, and a general retreat would be probable. In spite of this and former successes, the Turks are said to be in a reasonable state of mind, and inclined to accept the Curzon proposals, at any rate as a basis for discussion. One asks, without expecting any answer, what will Lord Curzon do now? Do the chief Allies (the bigger two in this case) who affect to govern the world allow themselves to be ignored in this fashion with impunity? To judge from the eventful records of Poland

and Fiume, they do. But is it skilful to risk such rebuffs, for lack of taking the trouble to be adequately informed?

* * *

It looks as if it were no good being virtuous in this world. Look at Dr. Addison. According to Mr. George he is one of the best Ministers that ever lived. On one transaction at the Ministry of Munitions he saved the country ninety millions. His reward was the sack. Then, like the Master Builder, he began erecting houses for the people. Again this useful task was cut off. Finally, he began establishing a record attendance at Cabinet Committees at the moderate cost of £5,000 a year. This was denounced by the anti-wastrels, who proposed to assess Dr. Addison's services to the country on the reduced scale of £3,000. Mr. George, admiring Dr. Addison more than ever, proposed to amend this handsome proposal by cutting the Admirable Crichton down to £2,500, giving him a few weeks' notice to quit. If our readers desire to enjoy an adequate chastisement of one of the meanest acts ever done by a public man, we recommend them to read Mr. Devlin's speech on it.

* * *

AFTER rather more than a year of office, in which much that is good has been achieved, Signor Giolitti has resigned with all his colleagues. The reason is rather curious. A motion of no confidence from the Socialist benches was divided into two parts. On the part relating to internal policy the Government won by a big majority, but on the part relating to foreign affairs it won by only thirty-four. The Chamber showed that Count Sforza commands what Signor Giolitti considers inadequate support. Yet the vote was a confused one, for the opposition was composed of the most divergent groups, whose criticisms are mutually destructive. The Nationalists, of course, object to him for his success in settling the Fiume question, and inaugurating at last friendly relations with the South Slavs. His most recent offence, in their eyes, was the surrender of the little port of Baross, near Fiume, to the Slavs. The Socialist line of criticism was naturally wholly different. One would regret Signor Giolitti's departure had he not failed to take steps to repress the violence of the Fascisti. Happily, there seems little prospect that the next Government will be more acceptable to the Nationalists. Signor Bonomi, the reformist Socialist, and Signor De Nicola, the very young President of the Chamber, seem to be the favorites for the Premiership.

* * *

In the settlement of the Aaland Islands dispute the League of Nations has put a solid and valuable piece of work to its credit. At the moment of the League's intervention, exercised in accordance with Article XI. of the Covenant, there was every reason to believe war between Sweden and Finland over the future of the Aaland archipelago was imminent. The decision given last week, though naturally a disappointment to Sweden, seems certain of loyal acceptance by all parties. In point of fact the Aaland delegates themselves did as much as anyone to determine the decision. They insisted on the solidarity of the islanders in their demand for transference to Sweden, but when questioned by different members of the Council admitted they had no material grievance under Finnish rule, particularly since the law of autonomy of last year. Their trade they declared to be prospering, they grew all the corn they needed, there was no interference with their religion, or with the use of the Swedish tongue, and no ground of complaint in matters of education. The general impression, indeed, created by the principal delegate, who spoke fluent English with a

singular Irish accent, was that the Aaland Islands are one of the three or four idyllic retreats that still remain as havens of refuge from the after-war world. The prevalence of a sentimental desire for attachment to Sweden is undeniable, but the guarantees agreed on between Mr. Branting for Sweden and M. Enckel for Finland will give Swedish culture in the Aaland Islands full opportunity for development and expansion. Finnish is actually to be excluded from the schools, a local Parliament is to be recognized, the islanders are to choose their own Governor, to have the right of pre-emption on any property offered to a Finnish purchaser, and to enjoy the right of direct appeal to the League in any case of complaint. In addition the whole archipelago is to be completely demilitarized and neutralized on lines proposed by Sweden. The amicable acceptance of these guarantees by both sides at Geneva crowned a piece of work which does the League of Nations much credit.

* * *

THE League has been much less successful over Albania. She came before it this week to seek judgment against the Greeks and the Serbs, both of whom have occupied considerable stretches of territory which were included in the boundaries of the guaranteed neutral State created by the Conference in London in 1912, and both have driven many thousands of Albanians from their villages, after the customary Balkan malpractices. The Greeks and Serbs in their reply did not deny the facts, and arguments as to who ought to have this territory seem to us inadequate to justify them for their conduct in helping themselves. None the less, the Council of the League declined to interfere in any way, and referred the Albanians to the Conference of Ambassadors, a body which meets in secret, and is, of course, confessedly a purely Allied institution. So, too, in dealing with the Vilna affair, the Council showed an indecent partiality to the Poles. To be sure, they said that General Zeligowsky (who rushed this territory during an armistice, and in defiance of the League and the Allies both) ought to go, but suggested no means of getting him out. They suggested a Polish administration for Vilna during the further course of the negotiations, and ordered the Lithuanians to demobilize, but omitted any like instruction to the Poles. The League, of course, is still dominated by the Allied Governments, who do their utmost to keep it down.

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MR. RICHARD JEBB has a letter in the "Morning Post" which draws attention to the anomaly that the British Empire really has no common standard of citizenship. Each of its parts or Dominions may define a citizen as it pleases, and it follows that citizenship acquired in one part does not involve citizenship or its rights in another. One is a citizen not of the British Empire but only of the United Kingdom or such a Dominion. The common conception is the status of subject-hood. But a subject of the Empire as such has the right not to any active share in locally defined privileges, but merely to protection against injury. This protection, however, is far more effectively enforced by the Crown against foreign States than against Dominions, as the Indians found when the Transvaal ceased to be a Boer Republic. Theoretically we suppose Mr. Jebb may be right in saying that India would have the same right to exclude white British immigrants that the Dominions have to exclude Indians. It does not do it—for obvious reasons. This is, we believe, a sound statement of the law, but it only enforces our moral of last week that the Empire is legally and politically a chaos saved by commonsense.

Politics and Affairs.

THE CHANCES OF AN IRISH SETTLEMENT.

IT is not surprising that bewilderment struggled with hope in the minds of most persons when they read the Prime Minister's letter inviting the two Irish leaders to a conference. The Coalition has accustomed us to every kind of sharp and sudden change, and by this time there must be very few people whom it can still surprise. But even in this new atmosphere there is something startling in sending Ireland a message of peace through the King on Tuesday, publicly refusing any concessions whatever on Thursday, and inviting Mr. de Valera to an unrestricted discussion in a letter revoking all previous stipulations on Saturday. Swift's servant said there was no point in cleaning his master's boots because they would soon be dirty again. A good many people must ask themselves whether it is not a waste of time to take any phase seriously in a policy so conducted that to-morrow is as likely as not to make it obsolete. If there is this feeling in England, it is natural enough that it should exist in great force in Ireland, and during the next few anxious weeks Englishmen must expect to find Irishmen not less suspicious of their statesmen than before. Nobody can recall the main events of the last eight years without seeing that no set of men ever had more reason for scepticism. It is well known, in Ireland as here, that there are powerful forces anxious to crush Ireland, and the letter from Sir Henry Wilson, published in a special issue of the "Irish Bulletin," is a reminder of the way in which conspirators within and without the Government have worked to secure that end. This is not the temper of the British people as a whole, and the Government's sudden change is itself a proof of the steady and growing opposition of serious men and women of all parties to the hateful measures into which the country has been dragged. Irishmen should keep this in mind. There is every need for care and vigilance on their part. But they must beware of closing any door to negotiation merely because it is opened by Ministers whose past conduct has not deserved or sought to deserve their confidence. An open invitation to a conference at least brings negotiation into the daylight. The main risks of trickery or misrepresentation are therefore eliminated. Irishmen are not in the position of men treating with a hostile Government in a country where their claim finds no support. They have in the British people a court that is, in part, in active sympathy with their just demands, and, in part, neutral. Their case can now be laid before the British people, and the judgment of a large number of Englishmen will be affected by the manner in which it is presented.

If there were not such forces in our politics, so complete an abandonment of the Government's earlier demands would have been impossible. Mr. Lloyd George's letter throws over the rigid formulas that he himself and Sir Hamar Greenwood have so often repeated. There is no longer a question either of disarmament or of exclusions. The Government has now done what Mr. Balfour's Government did in May, 1902, when it dropped conditions for treating with the Boers on which it had insisted, to Lord Kitchener's great concern, in March, 1901. The outlaws of yesterday will be received as ambassadors to-day. It is not strange that this complete abandonment is violently disliked by many of the Government's supporters, and that the "Morning Post" writes of it in the spirit in which Burke wrote of the conduct in opening negotiations with France in

1796, when he said that it was no wonder that it took Lord Malmesbury some time to get to Paris, seeing that he went the whole way on his stomach. Wise men rarely use big words, because they know that they might one day have to eat them. To a certain kind of Imperialist the notion of discussing with Ireland or with her representatives is repugnant, for his idea of dignity is the Prussian one that the great man is the man who gives orders and has no need to rely on justice or reason as authority for his conduct. Peace with Ireland is impossible in such an atmosphere, for the spirit that has made Ireland take and keep the field is the spirit that demands recognition of Ireland's status. An imaginative statesmanship would have grasped this truth long ago, and would have seen that while there is nothing that Ireland will concede if her rights are slighted, she may yield much if they are respected. Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Hamar Greenwood, with their soldiers and irregulars, have been trying to rule Ireland against her imaginative instincts. Their defiance of her national spirit has cost just under a thousand lives, English or Irish, in the last six months; of its effect in embittering two peoples who can least afford to hate each other we can only say what Carlyle said about Peterloo: "The number of the slain and maimed is very countable, but the treasury of rage, burning hidden or visible in all hearts ever since, more or less perverting the effort and aim of all hearts ever since, is of unknown extent."

If this chance of accommodation is lost, we are afraid there is an end of the British Empire in any form that is consonant with British ideas or, as we believe, with British safety. But it need not be lost. What are the indispensable conditions of success? The first condition is that discussion is free and unlimited in scope. The language of the Prime Minister's letter in this respect is hopeful. We need a complete and frank disclosure of the minds of all parties; a disclosure extending, in the language of the new psychology, to the unconscious and not merely to the conscious mind; hope, fear, suspicion, ambition, sentiment, all should be freely submitted; men should speak freely whatever is in their mind or their memory. It is manifest that with goodwill and candor a settlement can be found that will reconcile the two peoples. Such discussion is impossible in an atmosphere of war, and a truce is clearly essential. You cannot have ambassadors talking in London while men are being hung in Dublin or Cork. If once the suggestion of force or threat enters the conference room a new complex arises, and the discussion ceases to be frank and free.

It is fortunate that the Dominion Premiers are in London, for their offices may be of great value in smoothing the course of negotiation. Their influence has clearly been at work in the new departure, and they are in a position to understand the desires and the difficulties of both peoples no less than the external and the American situation. Above all, they have the best reason for distrusting the hollow, insincere contention, to be heard in some quarters, that the conference may be of use as a means of justifying extreme measures against the Irish people. The Colonists are in closer touch with reality. Men like General Smuts know that a quarrel with a race that forms an important part of the population of every colony is not an event that is less calamitous because you can construct some defence for the measures that have produced it by clever logic or clever tactics. Any settlement of the Irish question that is reached by force is a defeat for England as much as for Ireland. Ireland

may suffer more to-day: we shall suffer more to-morrow. If the men who are now to meet, holding the destinies of the Empire in their hands, can keep this truth in their minds they will make peace. And they may make something greater even than an Irish peace. For with the Irish difficulty goes the main, perhaps the only, obstacle to Anglo-American union.

THE WAR - PEACE ON THE RHINE.

"My idea of life is a perpetual conflict whether in war or in peace. I think it was Bernhardt [really Clausewitz] who said: 'War is but politics pursued in another manner.' We can reverse the aphorism and say: 'Peace is but war pursued in another manner.'"—*G. Clemenceau.*

THE preface and preamble to the Treaty of Versailles was the work of Mr. Wilson, as no other part of it was. He contributed the Covenant, which is likely to be its one inoperative chapter. In all future editions publishers would do well to take for a motto the passage which we have quoted from one of the speeches in which M. Clemenceau defended the Treaty before the elected representatives of France. There are elements of greatness in the character of Clemenceau. Like every really strong man, like Bismarck and like Lenin, he is honest. In these words he has confessed the spirit of the peace, which was in its main articles emphatically his work. Imposed by a process of dictation, it disdained any thought of conciliation, and had for its foundation the belief, nay, the resolve, that the secular feud of the French and German peoples must continue as the dominant fact in the European system. Of this peace, at any rate, it is true that it is "war pursued in another manner." M. Clemenceau's own life has been an incessant vendetta, in which it is hard to discern any principle save the love of strife. Its public end was the vote by which his own countrymen, in spite of his services and successes, denied him the honor of the Presidency. One fears that his own career is destined to be the emblem of the fate of France herself. Her superb gallantry and endurance in the conflict have not brought her the confidence and the moral prestige which she should have earned. And the reason is that she was unable to conceive of peace save as another kind of war.

There has now been published a full and competent defence of this French peace by M. André Tardieu, who was throughout the Conference the trusted lieutenant of M. Clemenceau, and the draftsman of some of his most important State papers. ("The Truth about the Treaty." Hodder & Stoughton. 25s.) Much of it is addressed directly to English and American readers, and we believe that M. Tardieu's purpose of making the French standpoint clear to us will be attained. The scope and plan of the book, its omissions and its emphases, are themselves illuminating. Americans and Englishmen, with varying degrees of sincerity and insight, whether they were actors or spectators at Versailles, usually professed to have in view some conception of the general good of Europe or even of mankind. Their vision of this good may have been fitful, and often it was clouded by self-seeking. But it was the standard by which they measured their work. Few readers of this book will escape the impression that M. Clemenceau, as the architect of this peace, and M. Tardieu as its eulogist, had in view quite single-mindedly the interests of France and nothing else in the world.

One may reduce this conception to two essentials—the military security of France, which means the Rhine frontier, and the exaction of reparations, conceived in the largest possible sense. For these reasons the centre of

interest of M. Tardieu's book settles upon the Rhine. The series of chapters on this subject opens with the first full and documented account which we have yet seen of the discussions among the Allies which preceded the Armistice. When Marshal Foch required the Germans to retire beyond the Rhine, and insisted on the occupation of the Left Bank by the Allies, he, in effect, anticipated the whole character of the peace. Marshal Foch was not actually the severest among those who influenced the decision. He asked for smaller deliveries of arms and material than were actually enforced. General Pétain was much harder, and General Tasker Bliss, for America, would have insisted on instant and total disarmament and demobilization. General Haig, on the other hand, would have been content with the evacuation by the German armies of all Allied territory (including Alsace-Lorraine), and dreaded the effect of "exasperating German national feeling" by further demands. It is plain from all his recorded utterances and memoranda that General Foch cared only for one thing. Provided he held the deep, straight line of the Rhine valley, and commanded its three bridge-heads, he felt certain of dominating Germany. When once he had secured this strategical mastery, he was even comparatively indifferent as to the disarmament of Germany, for he proposed to leave her a permanent conscript army of 200,000 men, with a term of service limited to one year, which, of course, would have sufficed to train almost the whole population. He may possibly have exaggerated the importance of the Rhine, steeped, as he was, in his Napoleonic studies, but at least he was unwavering and consistent in regarding the permanent military possession of Cologne, Coblenz, and Mayence as the one guarantee worth considering.

The real drama of Versailles turned upon the conversion of this temporary armistice arrangement into the keystone of the European system. Mr. Wilson, with his rather capricious eye for detail, fought more obstinately over secondary matters like Fiume and the Saar. Mr. Lloyd George, whose Welsh nationalism seems to enable him to understand something of the meaning of nationality everywhere save in Ireland, fought on a broad front, and made considerable efforts to save the three million Germans who have been subjected to the Tchechs, and the two millions whom it was proposed to engulf in Poland. But his essays as knight-errant were very easily turned. M. Clemenceau had been shrewd enough to concede everything which British Imperialism wanted for itself, and again and again in these debates the catalogue is set out. The "maritime nations," as the French politely put it, had secured the cession of the German colonies, the surrender of the fleet and the greater part of the merchant marine, with "full and lasting, if not final, exclusion of Germany from foreign markets." It was not fair to ask "Continental nations" to be content with partial and deferred solutions. Mr. George was inflicting the blow "which she (Germany) will feel the worst," and it was "pure illusion" to suppose that she would be appeased by a few territorial concessions. Mr. George would not abate his own demands, and therefore he failed to move the French in their exactions.

M. Tardieu tells in full detail the history of the Rhine frontier, and though he does not quote Mr. George's memoranda, it is easy to guess their contents from the French replies, which he prints *in extenso*. The hot debate (which was renewed after the presentation of the first draft of the Treaty to the Germans) opened with the French proposal which figures in the Secret Treaties. The whole Left Bank was to be severed completely from Germany. It was to constitute

a nominally self-governing buffer State, but it was to be permanently under the military occupation of the Allies, who would hold the bridges, and was to be included in a Customs Union with France. From this extreme demand M. Clemenceau receded very slowly. The Allies took him at his word, and assumed that it really was for the preservation of France from a renewal of the war that he was concerned. They offered every alternative guarantee. If he scoffed at the League of Nations, they gave him the one-sided disarmament of Germany (no staff, no heavy guns, no navy, and a mere 100,000 men without reserves, against the standing peace establishment of 700,000 Frenchmen and 600,000 Poles, not to mention their reserves). They agreed to demilitarize the Left Bank and destroy the fortresses. Then they offered the joint British and American Treaties of Alliance. Still M. Clemenceau pointed out that the risk of invasion remained. There might be an interval of time before the British and American contingents could arrive. France demanded not merely eventual victory in the next war, but freedom from invasion. In other words, she must have the bridge-heads of the Rhine. So at last, first Mr. Wilson and then Mr. George gave way and consented to the occupation of the Rhineland, insisting, however, on its evacuation by sections after five, ten, and fifteen years.

It is clear from M. Tardieu's narrative that the French won this sinister success unaided. Not one of the Allied military chiefs supported Marshal Foch, and even the King of the Belgians was opposed to the occupation. The more vital conclusion, which emerges from M. Tardieu's reasoning, is, however, that in the French view the one concession which Mr. George and Mr. Wilson did secure—the limitation of the occupation in time—has lost its validity. The Treaty contains a most dangerous reservation:—

"If at that date [the end of the fifteen years] the guarantees against an unprovoked aggression by Germany are not considered sufficient by the Allied and Associated Governments, the evacuation of the occupying troops may be delayed to the extent regarded as necessary for the purpose of obtaining the required guarantees."

That clause, M. Tardieu contends, was inserted with their eyes open by Mr. Wilson and Mr. George, and they intended it as a licence to France to hold the Rhineland indefinitely, unless the two Treaties of Alliance have meanwhile come into force. As the French have also in the Treaty a licence to continue to occupy, or even to re-occupy, should Germany fail to observe "all or part of her obligations concerning reparations," it will evidently go hard with France if on one count or the other she fails to make the occupation permanent. Indeed, M. Tardieu declares (p. 432), in his most official manner, that since she has lost the Anglo-American Alliance, France will not evacuate the Left Bank.

Nor is that all. Our well-meaning but negligent diplomacy has given her in the "sanctions" a big instalment of her buffer State. We have allowed her to set up a tariff-wall between the Rhineland and the rest of Germany. The object of the "sanctions" was long ago attained. The "ultimatum" was accepted, and all the onerous obligations which it imposed have been punctually fulfilled. None the less, the Allied troops are still beyond the Rhine in Düsseldorf and Duisburg; the tariff is still in force to interrupt the trade of the Rhineland with the rest of Germany, and what matters much more than the tariff, the whole system of trade licences and prohibitions is in the hands of the French. They are using it to exclude German goods, and to flood the markets of the Rhineland with French goods—mainly luxuries. They have even gone so far as to exclude Ruhr coal, so as to force the Rhineland to buy the dear coal of the French State mines of the Saar. With this powerful engine of pressure they are not merely cutting off the Rhineland from the German economic system; they are actually bringing it within the French commercial system. From this to a Customs Union, and from that to a local Tariff-Parliament, would not be a long step. Unless our indolent diplomacy asserts itself promptly, this sanction (far too cumbersome and costly for a temporary measure) will insensibly become permanent.

The conventional defence for all the severities and exactions of the French peace is, of course, in M. Tardieu's book the terrible experience of invasion, from which France is resolved, at any cost to herself or to others, to be in future for ever immune. We do not question the partial truth of this explanation, at least in so far as her more simple-minded public is concerned. The answer is obvious, that by making life intolerable to millions of Germans and by heaping dishonor upon material ruin, the French are driving a steadily growing body of Germans to dream of a war of revenge. But we refuse to believe that by the very clever and realistic men who govern French affairs this policy can be conceived as defensive. The French Army has skill and gallantry enough to cope single-handed with much greater military resources than a disarmed Germany now possesses, and since France has recovered Alsace any invasion over the old route would be in danger on its flank. In French hands the Rhine bridges are primarily the gates through which a France which has revived all the old military traditions of the two Napoleons may at any instant and on any pretext invade her nearly helpless neighbor. As Marshal Foch put it, "With only a few forces on the Rhine we can, in fact, prevent all action on the part of Germany and reserve all action for ourselves." This perpetual threat is the essence of that French peace which is "war pursued in another manner."

THE GREEN RISING.

BY D. THOMPSON AND M. W. FODOR.*

VI.

THE peasant, where he is organized and self-conscious, promises also a liberal régime. This statement is opposed to the views of most European journalists, who depict the peasant as a stronghold of reaction, the supporter of clericalism, and even the bulwark of monarchy. But when the test comes, events disprove this thesis. When, in April, Karl of Hapsburg attempted to regain the throne of Hungary, it was the small-holders' party who

insisted that he leave the country, going so far as to cause the dissolution of the Cabinet on the ground that the Premier and the Foreign Minister had taken inadequate means to prevent a Hapsburg restoration. And when a new Cabinet was formed, it was the peasants who presented a platform, calling for the permanent dethronization of the Hapsburgs, the restoration of free speech and a free Press, and the renewal of Free Trade. They did not win the first point, but they won at least the promise of the others. Even more recently it has

* The previous articles appeared on June 11th and 25th.

been Rubinek, a peasant leader, who has taken up the cudgels in defence of the Jews, protesting against the unfair discrimination used against them in the redistribution of cinema licences—although there are no Jews in the peasants' party. Nor is it true that clericalism finds its bulwark amongst the peasants. The clerical party has been responsible for the organization of the peasants in many countries. This has been the failure of the social democracy. But it is difficult to see where a strong peasant movement has advanced the clerical cause anywhere except in Bavaria, and even here a new, radical peasant movement is growing rapidly. The rise of the agricultural laborer, which is coming only slightly behind that of the small-holder, promises the introduction of a more progressive spirit.

The peasant is profoundly non-militaristic, and is proving himself unwilling to vote credits for irredentist schemes, or to enter army ranks. In Hungary a recent demand of the small-holders has been for the dissolution of the military detachments which have been kept intact in addition to the regular army, to serve Jingo purposes. The efforts of Dr. Heim in Bavaria to make the "Einwohnerwehr" a peasant movement failed miserably. Serbia, a peasant country without a peasant movement, is militarist still. Croatia, a peasant country with a strong and old peasant movement, is anti-militarist and Republican.

The Agricultural Chambers of Bavaria and Hungary, now proposed in even more radical form for Lower Austria, show an intuitive desire on the part of the peasants to get the administration of their own affairs out of the hands of the bureaucracy which is the curse of Europe. These Chambers are an adaptation of the Soviet idea, without the Bolshevik philosophy of State Socialism and proletarian dictatorship. How effective they will be remains to be proven. So far, in Bavaria, they are purely advisory bodies. But in Hungary they control the breaking up of the big estates and the matter of agricultural workers' insurance. In Austria the movement promises to be more effective, because here agricultural co-operation is further developed than in the other two countries, and the co-operative bodies will work hand in hand with the Agricultural Chambers.

On the other hand, the peasant movement brings with it the heritage of extreme individualism, of ignorance, of satisfaction with small progress, and a low standard of living, both in things of the flesh and of the spirit. The operas of Vienna and Munich, the Galleries of Budapest, the efflorescent architecture and delightful crafts of these Central European countries, and their literature, music, and art, have been centred in the cities, and have been products of cities, because in the towns alone there has been the community of effort which both creates and patronizes. If the towns continue to decline and the peasants continue to rise in power, we may see the return of these nations to agricultural States. And there is good reason to fear that we shall see simultaneously the decline of the beauty and grace which have "kept a chamber quiet for us" through war, and through this terrible period before peace.

What the peasant movement in Central Europe lacks is a voice like that of George Russell, "A. E.," in Ireland; a man who understands the peasant soul, appreciates the glory of a cultured civilization, and can conceive a philosophy of Statehood in which the one does not destroy the other. It lacks the co-operative spirit and the co-operative organization which builds, which finds better methods, which seeks the enrichment of life.

Denmark proves that a peasant State does not necessarily mean an end of culture. That small country, where industries, apart from those attendant upon agriculture, are practically negligible, has become the world's centre for certain sciences, and has a vigorous literature and a serene art which many a great Empire might covet.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE new Irish policy is, of course, a great surprise. There are those who say that, though surprising, it has all the elements of a fresh departure, that its incidents are of a piece, and that it is meant to lead, if the Irish are wise, to a not ungenerous peace. The account of the situation in the Cabinet on which these hopes are based is as follows. The King's speech at Belfast, it insists, was composed by Mr. George for or with him, and the Prime Minister's letter of invitation to Craig and de Valera was the second step up to which it was intended to lead. At the same time the Lord Chancellor and the War Secretary were instructed to give the Irish to understand that if the new overture were refused, a state of civil war between England and Ireland would be formally acknowledged, and the rebellion crushed without mercy, and on a scale and character of operations taken from the South African War. There would be block-houses and concentration camps, drives, and a grand round-up of the large Republican forces in the field. The Chancellor made this tolerably clear. But his speech, harsh and menacing as it seemed, did not exclude the alternative that Ireland could get as much freedom as Ulster could be induced to consent to, provided the Northern Parliament remained part of the machinery of settlement.

HERE is one reading of the situation. I give a second. The Government knows that the policy of reprisals has failed, and that it has strengthened the rebellion. Therefore, it was brought sharp up with the repeated demands of the military for Southern Ireland to be given over to their control, under the form of Crown Colony Government. But that was an odious experiment. The Dominions resented it, regarding it as full of danger for our future relations with America. The Government had no policy. They were bound to Ulster, and some of them, including the Prime Minister, to the substantial form of the Partition Act. But Ulster was uneasy. The financial and economic boycott has hit her hard, and even Belfast is to-day something of a congested area. Therefore she was no longer intransigent. Sir James Craig had made the first advance to de Valera, not de Valera to Craig; and if the two Parliaments ever met they were likely to develop a common policy in finance. On the other hand, moderate Sinn Féin was really in the ascendant; 80 per cent. would take Dominion Home Rule, and even the remaining 20 per cent. would not be solid for a fighting Republic if the settlement were generous, and freely negotiated with Dáil Éireann, and if it cut down the real control of England to a hold on the ports. The Government therefore looked to Ulster to help them cut the knot. If Ulster, elated by the Royal visit, stiffened her back, England would do for her the repressive work she did against her in '98. But though the Prime Minister was tricky, and would be sure to dart in to take advantage of a split

in Sinn Fein, he had wit enough of his own, and pressure enough from the Dominions, from his moderates, and from America, to bid for a settlement that would enable him to say that he had kept the Empire intact.

I TURN to Sinn Fein. De Valera's position is most difficult. He sees, like everybody else, the great advance that has been made. If he refuses to meet Sir James Craig in a free conference, and under a safe-conduct for his friends, he seems to consent to seeing his country thrown into a desperate struggle, from which even the wonderful Irish character might not emerge for one generation, or even two. If he accepts *sans phrases*, he risks the break-up of Sinn Fein. He also incurs for the military leaders the personal risk of identification which Mr. George's safe-conduct cannot cover. And he must take account of the mood of Ireland as well as of her grave political need. That may be compared with the state of mind of an outraged woman. Add to this her dual suspicion of England and of Lloyd George. She, of course, scents a triple manœuvre of the Prime Minister to fix partition on her; put her wrong with the Dominions and America if she declines a conference; and give himself a case for an intensive Irish war. She is also repelled by being treated as if she were one Irish party in a squabble with another, while England holds aloof, and then comes in as a mediator, splitting the difference. She wants to set out the case of England *v.* Ireland. Putting all these things together, I am inclined to predict that the invitation in its present form may be declined, but that the negotiation will go on in the shape of a counter-proposal. This, in a sense, has already come in the shape of de Valera's offer of a preliminary meeting with the Northern and Southern Unionists.

At the same time the advantage of a free parley is so great, and de Valera's presence in England may stir so many peace-making influences, that one hopes for a favorable answer, even if conditions are attached to it. But one thing, it is clear from his preliminary reply to Lloyd George, he will not do. He regards himself as the elect of the Irish nation, as he has a right to do, and he will not consent to confer with England merely as if he were the nominee of an Irish faction. This in turn gives a glimpse of a wider issue than an Anglo-Irish deal. Why not say Anglo-Irish-American confederacy? In such a negotiation the part of the Dominions might be inferred to be equally important with that of Ireland, for the issue would become at once National and Imperial.

I AM not surprised to see an English reference to the monthly journal in which the French Chamber of Commerce in the Rhineland records the stealthy and continual progress of France from a military occupation to a final possession of that country. It is a story of an elaborate political manœuvre leading up to a second European war, of which France will be the author and the dismemberment of Germany the prize. France has now about 130,000 troops in the Rhineland, for in addition to the 100,000 she contrives by hook or by crook to keep there, she has managed to retain 30,000 of the contingent she intended for the conquest of the Ruhr. We have 6,000 (for the

remainder of our 14,000 have gone to Silesia), and all the Allies put together some 20,000. How can France defend this preponderance? Her administration is as oppressive and deliberately politico-military as ours is pacific and considerate. She has quite given up her earlier plan of coaxing the Rhineland into separation, and her reliance is now on force. So she forbids the singing of German patriotic songs or dismisses German officials on trumped-up excuses. In pursuit of her plan of segregating the Rhine provinces, and preparing for their final severance from Germany, she keeps up the customs barrier between the Rhineland and Germany, continuing the sanctions long after the cause for them has disappeared. She forbids the monopoly of German alcohol. She keeps German motor-cars under the order of military requisition which she applied to the Ruhr. She retains the colored troops, whose sexual outrages continue. In the words of the "Bulletin" of the French Chamber of Commerce, the Rhineland Commission, which she dominates, has secured an "important part of the sovereign rights over the occupied territory." The result on the psychology of the people of the Rhineland is, of course, to rouse the national spirit she aims at extinguishing. One day that will lead to "incidents." And that, again, will be very much according to plan.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's death is a shock to many friends who, though they knew how serious the operation was, and what the consequences might be, hoped much from her wonderful vitality and temperament. The sudden end has closed a singularly happy life. Those who knew Lady Randolph must often have wished to know the secret of the enjoyment she got out of living. It seemed unbounded. Youth held a perpetual feast in her body and mind.

IN the queer history of modern superstition there are few quainter chapters than that recalled by the death this week, at eighty-one, of A. P. Sinnett. From the leader-writing staff of the old "Standard," Sinnett went out to edit the "Pioneer" of Allahabad. That was in 1872. Soon afterwards those queer companions, H. P. Blavatsky and Colonel Henry Olcott, turned up in Northern India and began the series of adventures which issued in the creation of the Theosophical Society. Sinnett was an early disciple; but a far more important capture was that of Allan Hume, then high in the Civil Service and soon afterwards to become the founder of the Indian National Congress. Gossip went round the station clubs of miracles happening at Simla tea-parties, as may be read in that astoundingly naïve revelation, Olcott's "Old Diary Leaves." This early stage of the movement was wild and brief. Anglo-India began gleefully telling how the old American colonel had made up the great Mahatma Kothumi out of the names Olcott-Hume, while Dr. Hodgson, of the Psychical Research Society, made the story of the Madras marvels ring round the world. Sinnett gave up his editorship of the "Pioneer" over forty years ago, and returned to England to make the Mahatmas and "Esoteric Buddhism" known to a new and hungry public just emerging from the desert of Victorian orthodoxy. The occult circles of London looked upon him thereafter as one of the elder initiates, who had been in the secrets of the founders.

I HAVE found "Kimono," by Mr. John Paris (Collins), a very stimulating novel. It was written, I suppose, from a close, unpleasant, but not malicious study of its subject: that of the character of the Japanese. If one made the political deduction from such an analysis, one would say that a more dangerous ally for this country it would be impossible to imagine. Mr. Paris shows the Japanese to be institutional and racial fanatics, darkly conservative of their customs and religion, and of the special form of Oriental living and thinking which is their nature and inheritance; that they loathe and use us; that they will not and cannot assimilate the good in our civilization; and that they will cling stubbornly to the good and the bad in theirs. As a piece of artistry, the book is a considerable affair. Mr. Paris has a subject in the manner of Maupassant—the story of an average athletic English boy of good birth and nature, who marries a Japanese, in ignorance of the fact that her fortune comes from the Yoshiwara, otherwise from established prostitution. The girl is innocent enough; her family are ogres. Worse than the pure Japanese is the Eurasian mixture, whose carnal abandonment Mr. Paris paints with too free a brush. That in his heart, and out of his knowledge, he finds little that is good in Japan, or perhaps, one would say, little that can turn to good in Anglo-Japanese relationships, is pretty clear.

MORE annoyance than the incident was worth seems to have been caused to perplexed Liberals in the country by the recent feelers towards fraternization—flirtation would be a much more appropriate term—between the Lloyd-Georgian and the Opposition outposts. It was a try-on rather than an intrigue, designed by the philanderers on one side to beguile the simpletons on the other (such innocents exist in every camp) into a posture of apparent sympathy with the Prime Minister in his progressively weakening struggle with his Tory custodians. Even had it been allowed to go on, nothing could have come of so flimsy a manœuvre. Sooner or later the robust good sense of the constituencies must have intervened. This, indeed, it has already done, as events will shortly show, with an effect not to be withstood. Following on the failure of this slightly farcical, though not uninteresting, interlude, Mr. Lloyd George's next move should be on a bolder scale. Rumor prefigures it amusingly enough as a more ingenious device than any yet attempted to combine the Unionist substance and the Liberal shadow under a single hegemony equally pleasing and delusive to both.

READERS may remember an account which THE NATION gave at the beginning of this year of "The Oldest Play." It described the Ampleforth Folk Play discovered by Mr. Cecil Sharp in a village some twenty miles north of York, and containing relics of extreme antiquity in folk-lore. London will have a chance of seeing the play next week in the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, where it will be given on Wednesday and Saturday evenings. Throughout the week there will be programmes of folk song and folk dances every evening, and on Thursday and Saturday afternoons. This is the *début* of the English Folk-Dance Society in a West End theatre, though their performances have long been known and appreciated in the New Cut.

WE are an immortal race. London now contains a statue of George Washington. Its next-door neighbor, going West, is one of George the Third.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

MR. NORMAN ANGELL'S REPLY.

WHAT is visibly happening to-day? Is it not the breakdown of the social controls, political, economic, moral, by which human relations have hitherto been adjusted and maintained in civilized communities? Political authority in the old sense hardly exists. Parliaments have lost their grip, and electoral institutions do not work to any definite result. Nowhere is there a stable or even an intelligible policy. Statesmen are at their wits' end. It is the same in the world of business. The wheels of industry, commerce, and finance are clogged, and their drivers are powerless to clear them. Appeals to Governments, to the great organizations of Capital or of Labor, to the intellectual and moral directors, are of small avail. The general temper is less one of alarm than of acquiescence in the inevitable. There is everywhere a numbness of the spirit. War still poisons the soul of man. The reasonable confidence he used to have in the behavior of his fellows, in the normal working of ordinary social institutions, has gone. He is living in a strange world, in which anything may happen. He must bear it as he can, but it is useless to interfere.

The poison does not, of course, always work in this way. Sometimes it irritates and provokes violent action. Man tends to exteriorize his own disease, to project his own spiritual disorder into the world he lives in. Thus he supports the illusion of his impotence and his refusal to apply the rules of reason, fair play, and fellowship which formerly were able to make civilized institutions work. Here is the most vicious of all the circles that imprison us. How can we get out? In order to be able to get out we must first recognize that we are in, and how we got in. Now, just here, we confront a difficulty, which is, indeed, a symptom of the disease, that we do not want to think about the war. We want to have done with it, and therefore decline to think what it has done with us. But psychology rightly teaches us that the only escape lies through self-realization. We must understand what has happened to us—inside. Our accredited educators refuse to tell us. The Churches, the Press, our seats of learning are dumb, and of necessity. For they are inside the circle. They cannot, will not, explain what the war has done to us, for that would mar their record as war-patriots. Everyone, of course, admits that somehow the Peace has not turned out right, that those great ends for which the war was fought—the destruction of militarism, the establishment of public law, the freedom of small nations, and the rest—have not been achieved. Everyone knows that the world is full of racial, class, industrial, and social conflicts. Most people would like to have peace, security, production, contentment. But they cannot yet expel from their minds the emotions and conceptions which the war imposed.

This brief diagnosis may serve as an introduction to the incomparable service which Mr. Norman Angell may render by his latest book, "The Fruits of Victory" (Collins), if only enough of the patients can be induced to read and ponder its wisdom. For it is the clearest possible account of exactly what has happened to them inside.

Mr. Angell has great qualifications. For he predicted what would happen to the peoples of Europe if they did not mend their ways. Indeed, the misrepresentation to which his lucid essay, "The

Great Illusion," was subjected in many quarters, is itself a testimony to the malady of the war-mind. For a very large number of "educated" persons are even to-day convinced that Mr. Angell meant by his "Illusion" to express a belief in the impossibility of war, and consequently regard him as a discredited prophet. Mr. Angell relegates to an appendix of this book his elaborate and crushing refutation of this criticism. It must here suffice to point out that Mr. Angell's contention was not that war was impossible, but that it was futile for the attainment of wealth, security, or any spiritual good.

A further falsehood imputed to Mr. Angell a purely materialistic view of self-interest as the motive power in politics. Nations would not fight because it would not pay. Now Mr. Angell is as well aware as anyone of the combative instinct and the emotions, sentiments, and ideals into which it enters as a factor. He sees every nation ready to fight for "rights," sometimes even for the rights of other nations. No modern nation goes out clear-eyed for loot, either as territory, trade, or indemnity. National honor and all sorts of noble sentiments are summoned for spiritual support to passions of pugnacity and power.

Mr. Angell rightly begins his discourse upon the economic note, pointing out how the failure of victorious statecraft imperils the "daily bread" of all the European peoples, and not least our people. For economic internationalism, based on mutual confidence and secure agreement, is the indispensable condition of life for the surplus millions in these and other crowded countries, whose food and other material requisites must come from the more sparsely peopled lands. To dwell upon this aspect of the problem is not to elevate the material above the spiritual, or to represent economic greed as the dominant motive. "The point of the argument was—not that the economic preoccupation *should* occupy the whole of life, but that it *will* if it is simply disregarded; the way to reduce the economic preoccupation is to solve the economic problem."

But this is impossible without getting to the spiritual roots of the trouble. The war-mind carried into "peace" imperils our food supply because it carries hate and fear into human relations. The organized hate required for war, fed and fostered by every art of political and religious propaganda, the *sacro egoismo* of inflamed patriotism, cannot be exorcised by Peace Treaties which it has made after its own image. With unrivalled expository skill Mr. Angell sets out the nature of the follies and injustices which hate and fear engender. It is not at all by way of disparaging the distinctively moral factors that he devotes himself primarily to an appeal to reason. For he recognizes that the most urgent need is to expose and to expel in the fields of economics and politics conceptions woven by the anti-social passions about the minds of men—State absolutism, posturing as patriotism, and claiming to overrule all wider rights and duties, Imperialism beating down the liberties of weaker peoples in its missionary career. These concepts, with their ancillary doctrines and practices, militarism, protectionism, autocracy in internal politics and industry, authoritarianism in religion, education, and culture, are the moral diseases from which we suffer. All these concepts and policies are rooted in the force-fallacy, the conviction that power can replace voluntary agreement as the basis of social life.

"The Political Reformation in Europe will come by questioning, for instance, the whole philosophy of patriotism, the morality or the validity, in terms of human well-being, of a principle like that of 'My

country, right or wrong,' by questioning whether a people really benefit by enlarging the frontiers of their State; whether 'greatness' in a nation particularly matters; whether the man of the small State is not in all the great human values the equal of the man of the great Empire; whether the real problems of life are greatly affected by the color of the flag; whether we have not loyalties to other things as well as to our State; whether we do not in our demand for national sovereignty ignore international obligations, without which the nations can have neither security nor freedom; whether we should not refuse to kill or horribly mutilate a man merely because we differ from him in politics."

Mr. Angell pursues this same fallacy of force into those internal dissensions which are of the same nature as war itself. Continually he returns to the devastating falsehood of those collective abstractions in which the appeals of personality and humanity are lost in general images of "the Hun," "the Capitalist," "Bolshevism." If it be possible to get people away from these false collectivities to the living, working, suffering men, women, and children who alone are real, Mr. Angell's sweet reasonableness and swift allusiveness will carry conviction. For he can show by rapid historic surveys, accompanied by simple interpretation, the human meaning of such phrases as "the policy of the blockade," "the Balkanization of Europe."

The world is offered no facile recovery. For it has to make the cure itself, and to this end it must accept a diagnosis which is exceedingly unpalatable:—

"The supreme paradox of the Peace is this:—

"We went into the war with certain very definitely proclaimed principles, which we declared to be more valuable than the lives of the men that were sacrificed in their defence. We were completely victorious, and went into the Conference with full power, so far as enemy resistance was concerned, to put those principles into effect. We did not use the victory which our young men had given us to that end, but for enforcing a policy which was in flat contradiction to the principles we had originally proclaimed."

How deep must we go in suffering before we are willing to put aside the blinkers? If we are to live, not merely as a great civilized nation, but as an aggregate of physical beings, we can only do so by establishing effective internationalism. To do this we must get rid of inflammatory patriotism, with the deadly policies and practices which it enjoins. Must we wait for an indefinite number of years in acquiescent misery and dread for the fumes of war to pass away from the minds of men? Or is there not a reasonable will in man which may bestir itself and set about its own recovery? An organized effort to see clear and think straight is required. It must come from large and widespread groups of ordinary men and women before it can reach the political misrulers and make them mend their ways. It will come as a supreme effort of collective self-preservation, largely instinctive in the power it yields, but requiring clear-eyed reason for its direction. Delay is increasingly dangerous, for disintegration may go too far. Mr. Angell is one of our ablest social physicians, and we recommend his diagnosis and his treatment. "After sin comes suffering, and after suffering insight."

"AN ATMOSPHERE."

LAST Sunday the present writer was at morning service in a country church where the forefathers of the village had worshipped for six centuries, or perhaps a century longer. There was fourteenth-century glass in the window on each side of the chancel, and the beautiful screen had been designed about the same time, or a generation later; but parts of the building appeared to

be older still. Children sat fairly thick on the back benches, but the church was far from crowded. "They beats us," the sexton had said, "in numbers they beats us." And there was pride mingled with his melancholy, for he was thinking of "them Dissenters," but, after all, it is quality that counts. And even Dissenters still came to the old church to be married and buried; which showed a decent respect for superior tradition. So there we sat, and let the familiar prayers and psalms pour over us, while a thrush sang outside.

"All went well" (as they say of a train or liner before the crash comes) until the First Lesson. Unfortunately, some authority of old had selected as a suitable Lesson in midsummer the piece of Hebrew history telling how Samuel commanded Saul to slaughter the Amalekites, sparing neither man nor woman, infant nor suckling, ox nor sheep, camel nor ass, and was extremely angry because Saul, though he utterly destroyed all the people, spared their king and the pick of the animals. The Lesson stopped short before the murder of King Agag. But the selection was unfortunate, because the chapter is a favorite passage with people who wish to justify the destruction of their enemies, and last Sunday, of all days, our minds should have been tuned to mercy and reconciliation.

As is well known, that passage is especially beloved by the most savage among Orangemen, and has long been the habitual text of their preachers when denouncing conciliation with Catholics. They like it even better than the account of Joshua destroying all that breathed when he partitioned Canaan among the Chosen People. They like it also because (as Mr. Kipling remembered in the case of the Boers) it describes rebellion as "the sin of witchcraft," and they must have found great satisfaction in the coincidence that this chapter was appointed to be read on the very morning when the Prime Minister's invitation to Mr. de Valera was published. What stronger warning could be issued against conciliation—against conciliation with a rebel? Let the Prime Minister consider the fate of Saul; let him consider the action of Samuel, who hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord! In that spirit, the "Northern Whig" of Belfast wrote next day, "One shudders at the very idea of being asked to sit in the same room with Mr. de Valera."

Similarly, if one looked to other countries, one felt that the French might plead that First Lesson as justification for occupying the Rhineland and partitioning Germany; the Poles for seizing the mines of Upper Silesia; the Greeks for exterminating the Turks round Smyrna; the Turks (if they studied Israelitish history) for exterminating the Greeks; the Japanese (under the same condition) for exterminating the Koreans; and so on, all round the world. Warfare and bloodshed, then, would never cease, being perpetually justified by the prophet's example, and mankind would be eternally reduced to the condition signified in Chamfort's terrible saying: "Only the futility of the first Deluge deters God from sending a second." It is true that the words of the Old Testament are still so familiar to most English people that only those who rarely allow themselves the privilege of attending Divine Service may have realized the full implication of the passage, and for the great majority in that village church the harsh lesson poured over their minds unnoticed like the familiar psalms and prayers.

The service then proceeded on its quiet and beautiful course till, suddenly, something really novel occurred. The priest announced that certain special prayers had been recommended by the Archbishops of Canterbury and

York for use on that particular Sunday, and on other suitable occasions during the present time of anxiety. A solemn hush fell upon us as we listened, and even the children on the back benches ceased to fidget. In succession, the priest read out a series of new prayers. First, a prayer for those in authority, that they might be given the vision of truth and justice, so that by their counsels all nations and classes might work together in true brotherhood; secondly, for industrial peace, that God might remove from among us all distrust and bitterness in industrial disputes, and grant that, seeking what is just and equal, and caring for the needs of others, we might live and work together in unity and love; thirdly, for peace in Ireland, that we might be saved from the dangers and difficulties which surround us, and that Ireland might be delivered from the evils which afflict her, from strife and violence, and from anarchy and bloodshed; fourthly, for peace among all peoples, and unity, union, and concord within the nations of the world, praying God to appease the tumults and violence which disturb the nations, and in all countries to give concord and goodwill; and fifthly, for the League of Nations, that He who can bring good out of evil, and make the wrath of man to turn to His praise, may teach His children to live together in charity and peace, and grant that the nations of the world may henceforth be united in a firmer fellowship.

Other special prayers may have followed, but those are what the present writer remembers, and the change of atmosphere from the slaughter of the Amalekites, and the denunciation of Saul because the slaughter was incomplete, was such as could be felt. It was like the change of atmosphere from the Lord Chancellor's speech upon Ireland in the House of Lords to the King's speech in Belfast. One almost believed again in the possibility of mercy and charity and lovingkindness. It seemed as though, after prolonged and parching drought, the quality of mercy were again dropping as the gentle rain from heaven, while an age of hope and holy simplicity gleamed before us. James Lowell once wrote that, when one met Emerson, the Fall of Adam seemed a false report. That mood of peace and fond belief stole over us as we listened. For there is, perhaps, something in mankind more powerful than reason, and, as Mark Pattison used to say, "many of us think with philosophers and feel with theologians."

Then the accustomed prayers and hymns poured over us, and our minds fell torpid. The priest discoursed the accustomed wisdom from the pulpit, and one remembered the Northern Farmer:—

"An' I hallus coomed to's choorch afoor moy Sally wur deäd,
An' 'eärd 'um a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzardclock ower
my 'eäd,
An' I niver knaw'd whot a meän'd but I thowt a 'ad
summut to saäy,
An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said an' I coom'd
awaäy."

So we all came away, but the atmosphere of goodwill and peace and hope still hung about us. Beautiful beyond comparison in English literature is the Book of Common Prayer. Beautiful beyond comparison the language written by that right hand of Cranmer, the master of our prose, or whoever else assisted in that translation and collection of prayers. Tradition and association add to the beauty. We love the familiar sounds and cadences so much that any alteration or novelty jars, as it jars in the Revised Version of the Bible's translation, even when the change is more exact or comprehensible. But the danger of accustomed beauty is that we grow accustomed to it, and notice it no more than we notice a beautiful picture always hanging in the

same familiar place, or than we notice the wonder of sunrise and sunset:—

“Die Sonne geht auf,
Die Sonne geht unter;
Gewöhnlicher Lauf,
Alltägliches Wunder!”

The miracle is a daily commonplace, and at any moment of the day or night any living being can behold miracles compared with which all the wonders wrought by saints appear childish trifling. But the wicked and perverse generations of mankind are always seeking after a sign—some fresh miracle to astonish them and make them gape. And so, when the Archbishops recommend special prayers to confront the miseries and dangers now surrounding us on every side, the people listen, though the prayers themselves may not be more beautiful, nor perhaps more apt, than those which have passed over their heads unheeded since childhood.

As for the purport of these special prayers, we need not lay too much stress upon the miracle they demanded for allaying the jealousy, hatred, and malice bequeathed by war. The sudden conversion of all the nations from Ireland to Angora, so that they might dwell together in brotherly love and goodwill, would certainly be an incalculable wonder. But let us rather remember what Renan said, perhaps with too conscious a superiority above us common men: “*Chez le monde vulgaire, le miracle prouve la doctrine; chez nous, la doctrine fait oublier le miracle.*” So, in these special prayers, the doctrine makes us forget the miracle demanded. For the doctrine is the highest truth: that as the “Will to Conquer” is an assurance of victory, so the Will to Goodwill is an assurance of peace. Without encroaching upon the preserves of theology, we suppose it might be said that prayer is in this manner sometimes its own fulfilment, bringing its own answer to itself by changing or strengthening the spirit of those who pray. Or, if the theologians reject that doctrine, we may, at all events, unite in gratitude to the Archbishops for the amount of courage and care required in bringing the fresh necessities of to-day into line with the traditional and familiar services, thus giving to congregations the necessary touch of surprise that stirs the languid and easy mind like the jolt of a railway accident. By their effort they have at least endeavored to “create an atmosphere,” as the Prime Minister lately advised them.

THE VICTIM.

I SUPPOSE as a child I might have been called a weakling. My private school did not agree with me. I had to leave because of various ailments which bothered me, including a tiresome pain which I was never able to describe satisfactorily. I also had frequent colds, and I well remember coming into the room at the conclusion of an interview between my mother and the doctor and hearing him say, “It’s a simple enough operation, and it invariably produces excellent results.” So my mother decided in favor of the operation, and the doctor said afterwards that he had seldom seen such a heavy crop of adenoids; it was no wonder my health was poor. However, I still had the pain.

It must have been a couple of years later that the colds returned and there were frequent discussions between my mother and my uncle as to whether my tonsils should be “guillotined” or “enucleated.” The latter process at last was favored, and those mysterious organs, which seem like weeds growing in order that they may be removed, were rooted out. I overheard the doctor

talking to my mother when they thought I was asleep, and I learned that not only my tonsils had gone, but my uvula had been cut off because it was far too long. I was soon convalescent, and did not suffer as much as I had expected. However, I still had the pain.

As bad luck would have it, in the following summer I developed swollen glands. As the enlargement seemed chronic, and did not subside under treatment, an incision was made in my neck, and they were removed by a surgeon. This did not affect my pain.

When I was twenty-five I fell rather seriously ill—a sort of feverish attack. We lived near London at that time, and a celebrated doctor was sent for. He diagnosed the symptoms with the utmost confidence. “No time to be lost,” he declared, with emphasis; “operate at once. There is practically no risk; dozens of these cases pass through my hands just now.” His advice, of course, was taken. My appendix was removed. I suppose my life was saved. It took several weary weeks for me to recover, but recover I did. However, I still had the pain.

Just after I had celebrated my thirtieth birthday a friend of mine expressed great concern at my appearance and health. I told him it was nothing unusual; I always looked more or less like that. “Nonsense!” he said, “pull yourself together. I know a man who will set you up.” He was so persistent that I could not refuse him. So I visited his specialist. With hardly any preliminaries he examined my teeth. “Well,” he cried, with a little chuckle, “there is not much doubt what is wrong with you—acute pyorrhea; you are being rapidly poisoned.” He made me have my teeth X-rayed, and sent the photographs to me with the remark: “As I thought, pyorrhea alveolaris is your trouble, and you will see by the photographs that rarefied osteitis has set in, and the sooner you have your mouth completely cleared the better.” The blurred photographs conveyed nothing at all to me, but then, of course, I am not an expert. So I went to a dentist, and in a couple of sittings every tooth in my head was extracted. My false teeth have never been very comfortable, but my dentist said that my gums were sensitive and difficult to fit. The shock was rather severe, but I mended in time and regained my normal health. However, I still had the pain.

Not long after this an old friend of mine who had been ill for some time came up to me one day in the club, very brisk and cheerful. “I’m a new man,” he exclaimed; “life is a different thing now. At last I have come across a chap who really does know what he is about; and he has absolutely cured me. My dear boy, it is the septum which is at the bottom of all our troubles.” I was ashamed to confess that I did not know what the septum was; I did not even know I had one. My friend literally dragged me to Harley Street to the doctor whom he described as “the biggest nose man in London.” The great man before whom I sat looked at me intently and then smiled. He murmured something about my being “a mouth breather,” and proceeded with electric light and probes to penetrate into the inner regions of my nostrils. “Simple enough,” he exclaimed cheerily, taking the mirror off his forehead and smacking both his legs, “a deflected septum!” and in most convincing language he explained to me how a deflected septum must mean untold mischief to the constitution. “It is only a matter,” he concluded, “of cutting a small piece out of it to straighten it, and at the same time we’ll snip your posterior ends which are blocking the Eustachian tubes.” He made it all sound as if it would be the greatest fun in the world. So I was carried away by his enthusiasm, and had it done. (I ought to explain, perhaps, that I am very well off.) I found it extremely painful, even after the operation was over, but

I evidently have great powers of recuperation, and I made an excellent recovery. However, I still had the pain.

About six months ago I was introduced to Dr. Hornblow, whose name is now so well known. I had heard nothing of his great theory then, but he seemed almost at once to take an interest in me. However, when he began asking a few questions, a perhaps unreasonable irritation seemed to take possession of me. "Always below par," he said, shaking his head seriously. "Yes," I interrupted, "but let me tell you at once, I have got no adenoids, no uvula, no tonsils, no lymphatic glands, no appendix, no teeth, a straightened septum, and snipped posterior ends." In the most sympathetic tone he replied: "You might have been saved all that if doctors had only known sooner what I know now. You rarely hear of an appendix being removed, tonsils are coming to be regarded as indispensable filters, and the fashion for false teeth is passing." He then lifted my hand, examined it, and murmured, "Yes, yes." After which he proceeded to explain that the underlying cause of ill health in nine cases out of ten was the poison that entered the system under the finger nails. "The corium, or nail bed," he explained, "is the most sensitive part of our bodies; the horn, or keratin, as we call it, is insufficient protection for the stratum mucosum which underlies it; the dirt particles which constantly collect in the extremities of the nails form a poison which penetrates easily under the nail into the blood. It is curious we should never have thought of anything so simple before." "And what is the cure?" I inquired. "Well," he replied, "anyone who used one of my steel-bristled nail-brushes with carbolic from earliest youth would be immune, but in your case I do not hesitate to say complete extraction would be the effectual safeguard." "What?" I cried, "pull all my finger nails off!" and I hurried away, really scared this time, and determined to hear no more.

No: I have come to the end of my powers of endurance. I am resolved to keep what remains I have of my body, and not to submit further to the experiments of surgeons. My pain? Yes, I know, I still have my pain. But I am proud of it; yes, proud of it, because it has defied, and successfully defied, the whole lot of them. But if it goes! If, perchance, one day it disappears! To which of them ought I to give the credit? Undoubtedly, to the man who wanted to pull my finger nails off, but didn't.

Letters to the Editor.

THE MASSACRES AT YALOVA.

SIR,—The last few days here have been alive with rumors of an imminent move on the part of the Allies—more especially Great Britain—in favor of Greece. Constantinople is a city of rumors, and these may be nothing more, but in view of the extreme seriousness of the situation, and of what to me, and to many others out here just now, seems the grave misunderstanding of the case in England, may I ask you to find space for the following considerations?

There is undoubtedly in England a widespread belief in the essential difference between the Christian and Moslem populations of the Near East—a conviction that the religious difference constitutes in itself a different level of civilization; but I have been repeatedly struck since coming out here to find how little this view is shared by the Europeans—apart from missionaries—who have had the longest and fullest experience of these peoples, and during the last few weeks I have myself seen enough of the other side to

disperse whatever remnants of this prejudice may have lingered in my own mind.

In the Kara Mursal Peninsula, between Yalova and Guemlek, on the Marmora coast, a wholesale massacre of Moslems by Greeks has been going on during the last two months. These massacres equal in ferocity and intention the massacres of Armenians by the C.U.P. in 1915, though they are, of course, at present on a far smaller scale. Exact figures are impossible to ascertain in the present conditions and at the present time, but I have been able to estimate the figures of the Yalova district, which I visited myself, and reckoning up the numbers of survivors brought away on the Red Crescent steamer, on which I travelled, with those still remaining at Yalova, the results are as follows: Out of a Moslem population in this district of 7,000, there now remain barely 1,500 (this makes allowance for refugees who may have escaped into the mountains); out of 16 Moslem villages there are now only 1½. The Yalova district is barely one quarter of the region concerned in these particular massacres, and, as far as I can judge, the numbers for the total region are in much the same proportion.

These massacres have been carried out by Greek *Chetis* or irregular bands, largely recruited from the local Greek population, and almost certainly armed by the Greek authorities; they are in close co-operation with the Greek regular forces. I have myself seen *Cheti* leaders in consultation with Greek regular officers, sitting with them at the café together. I have seen the two in combination menacing the remnants of the Moslem population, and I have seen the state of abject and almost inhuman terror to which those remnants have been reduced.

I did not arrive myself at Yalova till some ten days after the last bout of massacre; the corpses had been buried and the more flagrant evidences of the orgies removed, but I have seen the traces of this last onslaught on one of the two remaining villages (15 per cent. of its inhabitants had been killed), and I have heard first-hand accounts of the proceedings from neutral investigators who arrived on the spot while some of the villages were still burning, as well as very many personal stories from the actual survivors.

The Kara Mursal Peninsula is only one smallish district in the thousands of square miles now occupied by the Greek armies, and what is happening there is only one instance of a destruction which is spreading over Asia Minor as a result of the war.

I know that Kemalist *Chetis* have massacred Christians on their side of the lines—for instance, at Iznik a year ago, though I do not know how the two massacres compare in scale, nor what was the attitude of the Angora Government on that occasion. Now the Kemalists will certainly retort, if they have not done so already, by massacring an equal or greater number of Greek villagers behind their own lines, and so it will go on, so long as the Greeks occupy any part of Asia Minor.

I do not suggest that the Greeks are more barbarous than the Kemalists; there is no doubt that the Kemalists behave very often in the same way; but in judging of these things, it should be borne in mind that almost all accounts of events on either side come through channels which are prejudiced against the Turks and in favor of the Greeks.

I believe the conviction that a Christian, as such, is superior to a Moslem makes public opinion in England support the Greek claims in Asia Minor in spite of doubtful statistics of populations and almost impossible frontiers.

My points are, in short, these:—

(1) This conviction, which comes from comparing some civilized Western Christian with an uncivilized Moslem, is erroneous here.

(2) The presence of a Greek Army and Administration in Asia Minor since 1919 is the irritant which has inflamed racial hatred and is causing the devastation of the country.

(3) There is no prospect of any compensating advantage to the country. The Greeks may be ahead of the Turks in material efficiency, like the Germans in Poland, but inferiority in this respect does not mean moral inferiority, and I am sure that the Turks will never resign themselves to being treated as an inferior race.

I have spoken with many Turks of different political views, but on this point they were all at one—war cannot

cease so long as the Greeks remain in possession of any part of Asia Minor.

The attitude of the present Angora Government towards the Entente is deplorable, but in its provocative tone it does not represent the bulk of the Turkish nation; it may pass as other Governments have passed, the more moderate elements may again reassert themselves, and if in a moment of pique we have definitely supported the Greeks in their next offensive, we shall find ourselves in the position of having to support their territorial claims also, and these claims will be resisted not only by an extremist Angora Government, but by all Turks, however moderate, throughout the whole of the remaining provinces of Turkey. The Government of the moment is not the only factor in the case—the whole Turkish nation is on the defensive; they are fighting a war of self-defence, in their own country, and they claim the same fair hearing which has been granted to other nations fighting for national existence in the past.—Yours, &c.,

ROSALIND TOYNBEE.

Constantinople. June 11th, 1921.

WHY AMERICA WENT TO WAR.

SIR,—The hard-mouthed cynic who misrepresents the United States at the Court of St. James is reported to have declared that the United States entered the Great War through fear of Germany, and for no altruistic purpose whatever. Whatever may have been the motives of individuals, such a statement is wholly untrue as regards the nation. I have never heard a single person, definable as both honest and intelligent, express any fear whatever of Germany, so far as this continent was concerned. In the minds of our people Lincoln's dictum still holds: "Not all the armies of Europe, though led by a Bonaparte, could cross the Allegheny Mountains or water their horses in the Ohio River." The alleged danger from Germany was merely a temporary war-time camouflage of the armament-builders on the Atlantic seaboard. This district forms but a small part of the United States. An English statesman once visited Colonel House, saying that he wished as soon as possible to make out the trend of public opinion in this country. The wise observer said: "Go to Boston, and then follow down the narrow shoestring of cities to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and find out what people are saying. Exactly the opposite will be the public opinion of America."

The people of the United States were opposed to entering the war if it could be avoided. President Wilson was re-elected on the slogan: "He kept us out of the war."

But with the people at large there was a determination that if the war could not be stopped we should not stand by to see Belgium and France mutilated and Britain beaten in a just cause. There were many acts of the Allies in the war, and still more preceding it, which did not meet our approval, but a victory of German arrogance, chicane, and brutality seemed intolerable. Victory in any quarter has its dangers, but in Prussian hands it would be outrageous. It has been our traditional policy to keep out of European entanglements, and only "a war to end war" could have commanded American support. It was not our fight to begin with. If it were so we had a right to be consulted in the fatal agreements, secret or otherwise, connected with the "Balance of Power."

The insolent attitude of the Berlin Government precipitated our entrance into the conflict, but only the eloquent words of President Wilson, still deep in our hearts, reconciled our people as a whole to the blind plunge into blood and waste. The conception of a League of Nations as a means of building up a spirit of conciliation which will express itself in disarmament is as strong in America as it ever was, however much we may question operations of the Supreme Council.

It is emphatically not true that the election of Mr. Harding means the repudiation of the idea of a world league. The Covenant, with its dubious Article X., its unregulated mandates and impossible penalties, cast a wet blanket over our enthusiasm, but the defeat of the

Democratic Party did not hinge on that. Far more important was the belief that the Cabinet chosen by the President was weak and vindictive, and the President had made himself an easy target for his sworn enemies. The Espionage Act, the sister of the British D.O.R.A., whatever its intent, was infamous in its administration, and contributed to bring about an atmosphere of intolerance and superstition, in which any person having opinions was subject to the charge of disloyalty. Any such charge, whatever the source, was considered as good as proved by the unquestioning mob. That the lofty ideals of the President came to naught, ending in confusion and fratricide, is adequate to account for the political change in America. Had the Republican Party supported the "League of Nations," especially if coupled with "mild reservations," the result would have been the same.—Yours, &c.,

DAVID STARR JORDAN, Chancellor-Emeritus.

Stanford University, California.

June 9th, 1921.

"THE MYSTERY OF THE 'NINETIES."

SIR,—Mr. Middleton Murry is always a charming critic; but surely he was suffering from an attack of anachronism when he wrote under the above title in your issue of June 18th. The 'nineties may be mysterious; but to me at least their mystery does not consist in their having manifested, as characteristic of the age, the two poems "Love in the Valley," by George Meredith, and "By Jingo," by—Jingo, for all I know. "Tararaboomdeay," in my recollection, reached my home (where lost causes dwell) in 1891. But "Love in the Valley," of which the early version was published in 1851, and the revised in "Macmillan's Magazine" in October, 1878, seems to me to be just as characteristic of the 'nineties as FitzGerald's "Omar" or Farrar's "Eric, or Little by Little." The "By Jingo" refrain came from the music-halls of 1878, and the political-journalistic use of "Jingo" as a substantive originated in the "Daily News" of March 11th of that year.

It may be because I am contaminated by the spirit of the 'nineties, which so mystifies Mr. Murry, that I feel a little hurt about "Love in the Valley"; not altogether, I think, because the poem was once my young love, nor because Mr. Murry's comment has now put her to sleep in the shade; rather because I feel that if a critic quotes from a poem he is condemning, he ought to quote correctly. Mr. Murry quotes two lines, and of the two mistakes introduced only one can possibly be attributed to the printer. I hardly dare to think that Mr. Murry thinks that Meredith thought that the white owl (*Strix flammea*) "sleeps" in wavy curves. "Lone" for "large," I admit, does not alter the rhythm; but it belongs to the next line (which Mr. Murry does not quote) about the eve-jar (*Caprimulgus Europæus*).

Lastly, I receive with respectful awe the doctrine that a rudimentary rhythm spoils a poem. Lo! the rhythm of "Love in the Valley" is the same as that of a rudimentary chorus of Dragoons in Gilbert's "Patience," as one sees by alternating the lines:—

"Had I the heart to slide an arm beneath her—
(A thorough-paced absurdity—explain it if you can)—
Waking in amazement, she could not but embrace me—
(Pretty sort of treatment for a literary man!)"

The last line no doubt represents, at this point, everybody's feelings.—Yours, &c.,

F. SIDGWICK.

["We don't want to fight" was written by George William Hunt. See the account of him under "Macdermott, Gilbert Hastings," in Vol. II. of the Second Supplement to the "Dict. Nat. Biog."—ED., NATION AND ATHENÆUM.]

SIR,—Mr. J. Middleton Murry will have to go a good deal farther back than the 'nineties for—

"We don't want to fight,
But, by Jingo, if we do,
We've got the men, we've got the ships,
We've got the money too."

It was sung in a pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, by a George Macdermott about the time of the

finish of the Russo-Turkish War (1877, I think; I am writing from memory), and the refrain of the awful thing was—

"The Russians shall not have Con-*stan-ti-no-ple*,"

with the accent on the "stan" and "no." I remember Joseph Chamberlain, "in his Radical days," made great play with it, and it was about the time that the "Dictator of Birmingham" (as George Dixon once called him) had been likened by Lord Salisbury to Jack Cade; and J. C. replied by a challenge to the Lord of Hatfield to lead an army of aristocrats while he (J. C.) commanded the army of the people. It was a sort of schoolboy "dare" that was ludicrous enough at the time, and caused many caustic comments in the Press. I rather fancy "Punch" had a cartoon on it. That was long before the London Charivari became the organ of the ultra-respectable, and the lecturer and reviler of the working man.

"Tararaboomdeay" did not squall itself into the world until about 1892, and never had any political significance, though it made more noise than any ditty before or since. You generally heard most of it about 11.10 p.m. (they closed at eleven o'clock in those days, you will remember), and though "Tommy, Make Room for Your Uncle," ran it pretty close for sheer din, "Tarara," &c., was probably the most vociferous piece of "music" ever known to the ears of mankind. That and the "Jingo" series of exclamations had no connection; one was a piece of political *braggadocio* (I think the real title of it was "Here Stands a Post!" the touch-it-if-you-dare style of patriotism), and the other a sort of lyrical hystericism that may have been good for the lungs, but was a nuisance for those who do not want to hear the midnight chimes. May I add that I never fail to enjoy the articles by Mr. J. Middleton Murry, and that I only desire to correct him from a chronological point of view?—Yours, &c.,

NOBELA.

SIR,—In reading Mr. J. Middleton Murry's review "The Mystery of the 'Nineties" in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM of June 18th, I was rather startled by his diatribe against Meredith's "Love in the Valley," and I am still wondering whether my æsthetic sense is hopelessly banal. *Horribile dictu*,

"Lone on the fir-branch, his rattle note unvaried,
Brooding o'er the gloom, spins the brown eve-jar";

"O the golden sheaf, the rustling treasure-armful!"

"Could I find a place to be alone with Heaven,
I would speak my heart out—Heaven is my need";

those lines about the swallow, and quite a few others, are not too saccharine for me to sip at occasionally without feeling sick.

And surely Meredith's remark that he looked upon life with a young man's eyes was rather typical of an old man; probably the resuscitation of youthful ideas through retrospection, so dear to our grandfathers.

One can instinctively feel Henry James's dislike for Meredith. Meredith was essentially a poet with ideals; Henry James a great discriminator with a pen. The one had a great sense of sympathetic feeling, and strove too far, if anything, after effect in his writings; the other had little feeling, if any at all—is there a single character of Henry James's with whom one feels in true sympathy and who is genuinely lovable?—and abstemiously avoided effect in his prose. Although I think that Henry James's English is greater analytically, and of the two he is the finer artist of *finesse*, I don't think it is quite fair on Meredith to quote against him the slogan of one who was naturally prejudiced. —Yours, &c.,

GARETH MINTON.

Chesterfield House, Matlock, Derbyshire.

"HUMANISM OR CONSERVATISM?"

SIR,—In your issue of June 25th we notice a review of nearly three columns by Mr. Middleton Murry of "A New England Group and Others," by Paul Elmer More. This review has been written of the American edition, and we

venture therefore to ask you to make public the fact that the book will appear in this country over our imprint as soon as the copies can be made ready for publication.—Yours, &c.,

CONSTABLE & Co. LTD.

June 27th, 1921.

SILESIA AND ALLIED POLICY.

SIR,—The following is a copy of a letter sent to Professor Göppert, doctor in Göttingen, written by his mother-in-law. It is to be hoped that England is not knowingly assenting to such a policy, and for this reason I shall be glad if you will publish this letter:—

"Kattowitz, May 22nd, 1921.

"... We live in a besieged town absolutely cut off, no train goes in or out; trains have not been running for three weeks, with the exception of a daily military train of the Inter-Allied Powers, which, however, takes no passengers, and probably no post.

"The town boundaries are so well watched that not a mouse could slip through. No newspaper from outside gets in, we only have the local papers, which, however, are so strictly censored that they are half blacked out. No foodstuffs are coming in; for a fortnight the children have not had a drop of fresh milk, and the small amount of condensed milk will also soon be exhausted.

"For the last two days the water has been cut off, and since this morning the gas. The electric light also stopped one night. The mad shooting goes on all through the night, so that we—in spite of having been used to it for a long time—still often jump up with terror. Everything is calculated to wear out our nerves so as to make us ripe for surrender. The town is *not* to be taken by force; the idea is that it should call in the besiegers itself, so that they can say before the world that we *wished* to become Polish. We would rather die of hunger and thirst than give ourselves up to the Poles, but what are the mothers to do who slowly see their children perish, what the women who are about to become mothers? If such families begin to weaken one cannot reproach them, but the world shall know that we Germans here are no traitors, but are only being overcome through infamously cruel measures.

"Perhaps help will come to us before it is too late, but if this should not be the case, then you at least will know the truth and will spread it. The besiegers have drawn a tight ring round the town, and during the day they keep outside the boundaries, but at night they come into the streets and shoot and plunder, or extort money and food from the inhabitants.

"The town is full of refugees who were driven from one place of refuge to another, as they were bombarded everywhere; now, as provisions are getting scarce, it is difficult to feed them, and they are already beginning to beg. . . ."

—Yours, &c.,

HENRY T. GILLET.

8, Charlbury Road, Oxford.

Poetry.

THE ALMOND TREE.

Thus from a bitter round,
By sorrow long retarded,
Pity, at last unbound,
At last unguarded,

From the heart of the gnarled wood
In dark and secret hour,
Steals silently to bud,
Silent to flower;

But blowing unconfined
In loveliness fugitive
Must soon to the sharp wind
That beauty give—

A sweet and bruised array,
So late in splendor burning,
To what blind prison of clay
Dumbly returning?

S. G. TALLENTS.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

LAST week's reduction of the Bank rate from $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to 6 per cent. took the City by surprise. In Lombard Street an idea had begun to get abroad that the whole summer might pass before such a reduction took place, while, since the coal dispute had been the prime obstacle to a 6 per cent. rate recently, few people looked for a change, at any rate, until the miners were back in the pits. The decision produced little immediate effect. It was welcomed with cheers on the Stock Exchange, but beyond a stiffening of gilt-edged quotations, markets have not yet greatly benefited, and the investing public have not as yet shown any signs of shaking off their apathy and caution. The fact is, of course, that the industrial crisis completely dominates the position. A coal settlement is an obvious precedent to improvement in confidence and in actual business. Now that this seems at last to be really assured, the relief which it will occasion—coupled with the cheapening of money—should lead to better days in the stock markets. The lowering of the deposit rate of the Banks to 4 per cent. may be expected to bring out some funds for good investment purposes, while the removal of monetary uncertainty and the great coal menace may induce the general investor to take a hand again in Stock Exchange business. But the coal dispute has been so prolonged, and its results are now seen to have been so widespread and disastrous, that buoyant hopes of dramatic trade recovery, which were recently harbored in certain quarters, are now generally discounted. Trade recovery, one hopes, will soon set in steadily. But it can hardly be otherwise than slow and gradual for the present. Meanwhile, though Stock Exchange predictions are notoriously dangerous, there is some ground for the expectation that, pending the arrival of really substantial trade activity, stock markets may enjoy a considerable revival. However, there are so many imponderable factors, that even this cannot be counted on with certainty; and it should not be overlooked that the holiday season—usually a dull time in Throgmorton Street—is at hand.

FEATURES OF THE HALF-YEAR.

The keynote of the half-year just closing is disappointment. In the early months the economic depression developed to what was hoped to be its worst. But just when signs of revival began to be prominent the disastrous coal dispute came to upset all calculations. The trade stagnation which it produced may be measured by the fact that at the end of May the Trade Union percentage of unemployed was no less than 22.2 per cent., against 1.1 per cent. a year ago. Industrial production and export are the economic life-blood of Great Britain; and industrial production and export depend upon copious and cheap fuel. The bitterness and prolongation of the coal stoppage therefore produced not only momentary stagnation and an industrial crisis of the first order, but also devastating uncertainty as to the future. Another grave result of these events is that national expenditure has been increased and national revenue expectations sadly upset. It may be that in this matter the law of compensation will work, through compelling the Government to insist upon real economy in the administration of national affairs. But of this it is as yet too early to speak, and past experience is not exactly conducive to confidence. Blackness predominates to such an extent as one looks back over the past six months, that such bright spots as there are apt to be overlooked. One of these is that there has been some improvement in the economic position abroad. At least that is the view expressed by the Governor of the Bank of England in a recent speech. Of all things, the financial world most hates uncertainty; and that some sort of reparations settlement has been put on paper and signed is better than the prolonged uncertainty of a succession of conferences. An

important step in the right direction is the cheapening of the rates which the Treasury has to pay on temporary borrowings following on the restoration of the sale of Treasury Bills by tender and the lowering of the Bank rate. This is the more important, since the Government will be forced to resort to temporary borrowing more than had been expected. Also the reduction in the cost of living—according to the Labor Ministry's estimate—from 165 per cent. at January 1st to the last figure of 119 per cent. above pre-war, is a considerable achievement. Further, grave though the industrial crisis is, may it not produce some compensation in forcing directors and managers to tighten up efficiency and eliminate waste? Nor must one forget the recovery in gilt-edged securities, which has been a welcome and important feature of the half-year.

NATIONAL INCOME AND GOVERNMENT EXPENDITURE.

Mr. Edgar Crammond, who, when he speaks on financial subjects, always commands a wide and interested audience, has been giving an estimate that to-day about 32 per cent. of the whole income of the nation is absorbed by national service. This means that for four months of the year the whole nation is working to defray the cost of Government and Imperial Defence. This, as Mr. Crammond pointed out, is far more than can be properly afforded by any "great industrial nation which has such urgent need of capital as Great Britain, and whose capital reserves had been so greatly weakened." This 32 per cent. must be reduced, but a merely negative policy of retrenchment, Mr. Crammond reminds us, is not sufficient to meet the financial position. Not only armament limitation, but also a vigorous policy of encouraging world trade is undoubtedly the great need of the moment. But, unfortunately, the Government's idea of the needs of the position appears to be to create fresh artificial restrictions on free intercourse.

OUR EXTERNAL DEBT.

The Treasury has issued a White Paper setting out details of this country's external debt as at March 31st last. The total at that date was £1,161,563,000, the reduction effected in the financial year 1920-21 being £117,151,000. Of the total outstanding at March 31st, £972,704,000 is owed to the United States and £53,339,000 to Canada (the debts are converted into sterling at par of exchange or value of collateral given). Apart from these transatlantic debts, there is only one large item—namely, £126,500,000, entered as "loans from certain Allied Governments," and a marginal note tells us that these may be regarded as available to be set off against debts owed by the same Governments to this country. For all practical purposes it may now be said that the whole of our external debt is located in the United States and Canada. In the last financial year our debt to the United States was reduced by over £74 millions.

INVESTMENT NOTES.

Lipton's and Spiers & Pond's have both issued annual reports this week, and both show a decline in profits for the year ended March 31st last. Lipton's profits declined from £415,692 to £218,155. The report states that the Company's home trade expanded during the year; but expenses were heavy, and overseas business resulted in loss of £103,000. The $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. dividend is maintained, but nothing is placed to general reserve, as compared with £100,000 a year ago. Spiers & Pond's net profits, after payment of debenture interest, fell from £124,946 to £104,863. This Company also maintains its ordinary dividend at the rate of $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

The most important new issue of the week is the offer by the Government of New Zealand of £5,000,000 6 per cent. stock at 96, redeemable at par in 1951. A thoroughly sound holding.

L. J. R.



THE ATHENÆUM

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The World of Books.

ON the authority of some acknowledged artists, this page a few weeks ago was advising young writers that they should not go aside to worry about style if they had something to say and were sincere about it. That is true, of course; but it is not all the truth. It is only the beginning of it. It should be confessed forthright that there is much more in the art of writing than that. For there are so many honest folk who are as firmly persuaded of the saving grace of what has been revealed to them as those dejected inventors who, as Fleet-street is aware, sit on the stairways leading to editorial rooms, nursing their faith that what stands between them and popular acclamation is but an ignorant and cruel refusal of publicity. Occasionally, I suppose, they chance to be right, for editors are busy men, and it has happened that the face of Truth has been so curious that it was not instantly recognized.

* * *

Not only curious, but perhaps a little terrifying, for the idea that Truth is Beauty is somewhat misleading. It depends on what we call beautiful. One must be a philosopher to see the beauty of truth all the time. So there can be no positive assurance that as soon as Truth is in sight her nature will be instantly and generally known; or that it would be safe for a common citizen to admit joyfully his reflection in her mirror. To make a test of it people may be divided into two classes: there were those who lost their reason when war started, and those who never found it again. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, in his "The Making of an Optimist" (Parsons), owns up that with the majority of us he lost his senses in August, 1914. (Indeed, he dates it, with spacious generosity, long before then.) He points out that after that date anyone who was surprised by a glimpse of Truth, and with shameless eagerness reported how the furtive lady was dressed, so far as he could discern it, was regarded by the indignant as a liar and an abandoned wretch. At the best of it, he would have been told, she was only a German Jewess.

* * *

I HOPE Mr. Fyfe's book will be widely read, because, for reasons which all genuinely successful journalists will deplore, I think it must be unique. Most of us know Mr. Fyfe as a journalist. I remember meeting him one August night in a street of Amiens; the Germans occupied the city next day. Recalling what he said to me then, it is clear that so early in the war as that he

was beginning to wonder whether Europe was not going to be wrecked because a few important people in each of the capital cities had never known what they were doing, and were not then, and never would be, any wiser. The idea, on that August night, was not quite so concrete as that.

* * *

WHILE we dined, to the ominous sounds of the evacuation of the city, what chiefly alarmed us was not the rapid German advance, but the blight of lies and mystery which had fallen on all officials. We ourselves were not quite in the dark. That, indeed, was the major cause of our fear. There we were, barely three delirious weeks among those benefits which arise out of the traditional craft of diplomacy and the art of war, and both of us doing our best to report the facts as we found them. It was, therefore, a genuine cause for alarm, something that went much deeper than the possibility of an unlucky coincidence next morning with a Uhlan patrol, to discover that, although so unused to it all, we seemed to be better informed of what was happening than the authorities who had conjured the storm and the great soldiers who were trying (using regulation pattern spurs) to ride it. Those affairs that were, we could see, obviously enough, the prime blunders of French and British politicians and generals, we saw reflected from the Press of both countries—if reported at all—as jolly fairy tales. It was already quite clear that there was not one first-rate mind among the "governing class" of England and France. Most of the famous people we met (how busy they were, and how intent on this new and fascinating game of "war"!) ought never to have been allowed to withdraw their intelligence from croquet and bridge. There was profound cause for alarm to an observer who happened to be a journalist cherishing the folly of honesty.

* * *

Now comes Mr. Fyfe to confess in this unique book that his past life, as a publicist, is mostly a litter of mistakes. He comes, first among journalists and war correspondents, to apologize to his public for having been misled about affairs, and for having misled others. That is why his book is strange, and that is why real journalists will deplore it. Yet if only Lord Northcliffe could be brought to the penitent form, like his lieutenant, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe! If only each man in Fleet-street ("there can be no good writing without a genuine message and sincerity") would entertain us now with a little account, in parallel columns, of his passionate beliefs and prophecies since 1914, and how far they have proved right, and to what extent he has apologized to his readers! I think Mr. Fyfe has now earned the right to be deprived of his O.B.E. if he was originally sentenced under that Order. Here he is, actually telling everybody frankly what he thinks of the great people he met during the war, and their ways; and that it is useless for us to imagine that cleverness, knowledge, great experience, noble birth, august tradition, old and new discoveries of science, better organization and education, mass production, sound finance, wise economy, or such trivialities are going to save civilization now. What then? But I, as a cynical journalist still, dare not report Mr. Fyfe's remedy. You will find it in the New Testament.

H. M. T.

Short Studies.

THE JOURNEY TO COCKAIGNE.

I REMEMBER being taken ill in a small town on the Marne in 1906, desperately ill with copper poisoning. I say that I remember, as if there was a chance that I should ever forget it. The agony, the rigor, and the rest of it were accompanied by high fever and delirium which lasted all through a burning August night. It happened that a *fête nationale* had possession of the town; there were a fair, a steam roundabout, a horrible organ accompaniment. The grinding, remorseless tune, the uproar, the slapping of countless feet (though I tried to count them) on the pavement, wove themselves into my racing dreams. I seemed to be a party to some Witches' Sabbath; and now if I ever try to imagine Hell, it always comes out like that. A dry, crackling, reiterated business, without rest, without mirth, without hope, without reason. One suffered incredibly, one was desperately concerned; the brain was involved in it; the more frivolous it was, the more deeply the mind must work. I knew it was a festivity; all the familiar features of revel were there—and all horrible. The mind was so tired that you seemed to hear it wailing for mercy; but it went on jiggling after the organ. The feet of the dancers were burnt by the paving stones, yet never stayed. Some mocking devil possessed the people, rode them with spurs. There was no zest, yet no pause; and through it all was the blare of the organ.

Life in London, in Ascot week, struck me, coming up after six months in the country, as very much like that night of fever. There was the same dry crackling, the same strife of noise, the symptoms of mirth without reality. London, of course, is much too big to be generalized from. The best is hidden behind shut doors. It is the froth of the ferment that you see. But there is now too much froth; one wonders what is working in the lees.

Londoners, as you pass them in a cab, are a crowd; you don't even suspect individuality there. They drift along the streets like clouds. The colors of them are so blurred down by the dust and din that they seem a uniform drab. Here and there a yellow jumper or a grass-green sunshade catches the eye; but no personality behind it, no reasonable soul in human flesh subsisting. It requires stern attention on a fixed point if you would candidly consider your fellow creatures as London has made them, and, no doubt, been made by them. It happened to me that I was held up by a block in Piccadilly, at a favorable point between Bond Street and the arcade of the Ritz. Four o'clock on a glaring afternoon; tea-shops crammed; motor 'buses piled skywards like market-carts; extraordinarily over-dressed young men and extraordinarily undressed girls were on the pavement, all very much alike, and all apparently of one age.

Observe that I had not seen London in the Season since the Armistice. Well, it seemed to me that the scythe had mown down much that I used to know. Here, instead, was a saturnalia of extreme youth. I saw thin girls in single garments of silk, with long white legs, and Russian opera shoes; and young men walking with them, looking curiously at them, or talking to them urgently at shop windows. The girls said little; they were not there to talk, but to be talked to; they accepted what was said as a matter of routine. Their eyes wandered from article to article displayed. They seemed to me as purposeless as moths hovering about flowers at dusk. Love, I suppose, was their food—it ought to have been; but neither they nor their lovers showed any of the pride or triumph, the joy or the longing of love. Love, for once, was not a new thing; the wonder had left it. Fever had dried up the juices of nymph and swain alike. It was like a dinner off husks.

Next day was the first of Ascot, and I watched for some time the endless procession of motors in the Ham-

mersmith Road. I had often seen it before—I mean before the war. It had been a big thing then; but now it was a monstrous thing, a nightmare of going to the races. A continuous stream there was, of long, low, swift, smooth-gliding machines, never stopping, almost noiseless. They were all covered and glazed, all filled inside with doll-like, silent, half-clad, vaguely gazing girls; with stiff and starched, black-coated, silk-hatted young men. I saw no one laughing; I thought the whole business a dream on that account; for though you see and mix with crowds in dreams, there is never either talking or laughing. It was that absence of heart in the thing, or of zest for it, which made one so uncomfortable. Lavish outlay is rather shocking nowadays; but if you take away the only excuse for it, which is high spirits, it is much more than shocking; it is terrifying, it is hideous.

Where on earth, I asked myself, did the money come from? Who floated, and how did they float, the balances at the banks? Every one of those motors must have cost a thousand pounds; every one of the chauffeurs (you could see at a glance) must have cost five pounds a week. The clothes, no doubt, you could have on tick; but not the champagne, and not the chauffeurs. From where I stood in Addison Road I could see, at the lowest, fifty thousand pounds' worth of motors. And the stream, mind you, at that hour reached from Ascot to Piccadilly, and was repeating itself on the Fulham Road and the King's Road, to say nothing of the Uxbridge Road. Who were those people? Were they all profiteers, or all in other people's debt? It was very odd. In the county where I live we are rather put to it how to keep going. The great houses are mostly shut up or in the market; the smaller houses are all too big for their owners and occupiers. There is a scale of general descent. The marquesses let their castles, if they can, and go into the manors; the squires let their manors, and convert the farm-houses to their domestic use. I leave my old rectory and hide in a cottage. We are all a peg or two down. Income tax and the rates had done their fell work when there came upon us a coal strike of three months long—a knock-out blow to many. Did it not touch London? Or were all those pleasers Colonel and Mrs. Rawdon Crawleys, who live at the rate of seven thousand a year—on tick? The Lord knows.

On the whole, I thought it well that the miners' wives in the scorching grey villages of Durham and the Tyne were not standing with me in Addison Road that first day of Ascot. Or if South Wales and Lanark had been there! I should not have wished them let loose on London just then. Nothing was further from London's mind than either of those vexed and seething provinces. It neither talked of them, nor read about them. The "Westminster Gazette's" front page was entirely filled up with a cricket match; so, by the by, was the second. The "Times"—but since the "Times" has become sprightly, I confess it is too much for me. An elephant on hot bricks! Nowadays, if I want to read the news I must send to Manchester for it. Thence I learn that the coal strike is in its third month, the English and Irish still murdering each other, and the Government still throwing overboard its own legislation. Golf news, cricket, polo, lawn-tennis, I can have from the "Westminster Gazette."

The sea saw that and fled; Jordan was driven back. I stood it for three days, then came home to find the mallow in flower in the hedges, and men and women still afield getting in the last of the hay. Wilts was being careful over many things, but Ascot and thin girls were not of them. In London I was puzzled by the way the money was flying; but I was shocked, not by that, but by the absence of zest for a time-honored pastime. If only some young couple had laughed! Or made love as if it was the only thing in the world worth doing! But they were all as weary as the King Ecclesiast. That seemed to me the serious matter.

MAURICE HEWLETT.

Reviews.

BACK TO MANICHÆISM.

Back to Methuselah: a Metabiological Pentateuch. By BERNARD SHAW. (Constable. 10s.)

MR. SHAW'S main part in modern literature has been that of the critical rather than the creative artist; and as this is the account he renders of himself in the latest, and one of the most interesting, of his dramatic prefaces, it is unnecessary to labor the point. He ought, he tells us, to have set out to be from the first the "iconographer" of the religion of his time. He preferred to describe its institutions by way of a series of comedies of manners, wrought in the ironical manner. In this he was wrong. He should have set out for Damascus earlier, for his consciousness had all along told him that civilization needed a religion, "as a matter of life and death." But somehow the call did not come. So instead of an "iconographer" he became an iconoclast, content to play his part in the destruction of Bibliolatry and other fetishes. Then he grew dissatisfied. Mechanistic evolution proved as inadequate as Paley's Grand First Watchmaker. How had the universe really come to be what it is, and Adam had breathed into him the divine spark that made him a living soul? And how had his descendants, misled as they were by the legendary form of their religion into taking it for literal fact instead of for spiritual truth, contrived, with all their superstitions, to follow the light that always shone within and above and beyond them? Well, the revealing and redemptive word came at last. It was "Creative Evolution." Man was a spirit, capable of assisting the divine purpose, but, like Mr. Shaw, postponing the effort. Then he decided to will to live longer, and Mr. Shaw immortalizes the effort in his "Metabiological Pentateuch," otherwise commended under the more popular title of "Back to Methuselah."

Now it is clear that for a child of this retrocessive age, or even a little of the age to come, the attempt to exhibit and forecast the spiritual ascent of man is very difficult. If in such an hour the eye of faith can still perceive the advance, the sensitive literary mind may well fail to discover what point of fresh and inspiring departure remains for the discouraged souls and polluted fancies of the survivors of the Great War. It is singular that a great writer, one of the greatest, pursuing his theme of the baseness of mankind, hit upon the same expedient as Mr. Shaw has devised to figure forth the hope of a divine issue to its adventure on earth. Swift conceived the idea of the lengthening of the average term of human life and invented the Struldbrugs. Mr. Shaw has devised the Ancients. We must leave the readers of the "Voyage to Laputa" and of "As Far as Thought can Reach" to make their choice between the picture of vice reduced to the last degree of meanness and that of intellectual virtue relieved of every element of possessive or even altruistic affection. That they are comparative studies in decay, neither Swift confronted with Shaw, nor Shaw confronted with Swift, would deny. Swift, indeed, knew nothing of evolution, creative or mechanical. But he had one thing in common with Mr. Shaw, in addition to wit and a wonderful art in writing. He hated human passion, having indeed a fearfully sharpened sense of the part it played in his own life and in the world of war and politics and sensual intrigue into which he was born. And it seemed to him that the more you prolonged the term of man, the worse, or at least the more pitiful, he got. Mr. Shaw, as truly benevolent as Swift, and with much the same intellectual view of contemporary life, but more good-natured, has had the happy notion of moralizing the Struldbrugs. So he eviscerates them. His human beings of the perfectible period, ovarian in origin, are allowed four rather quarrelsome years of love and devotion to art. The centuries that remain to be lived through are given up to contemplation. Sex remains, but so attenuated as to be hardly worth noticing. The fighting instinct—the Cain-man—has gone altogether. Mr. Shaw calls this Elysium 30,000 years hence. Really it is the Island of Laputa over again. The scientists are in power, having, it appears, overcome their present inclination to disintegrate the atom and make a Shaksperian clearance of the last Act of Man's

drama on the earth. But they are as absurd as ever. They have seen to it that Man's soul is preserved, but that it kills his body, while a speculative (and presumably spectacled) being awaits in chill resignation a fresh creative or destructive impulse arising in the inventive soul of Lilith.

It will be asked what space is left in this shadow-world of Mr. Shaw's for the religious idea with which he identifies his later dramatic work, and of which "Back to Methuselah" is, he hints, to be the final illustration. Is it either religious or scientific? A certain number of supermen will to live for three hundred years. In spite of Weismann, this "acquired modification" is imparted, until it appears to reach out to a natural immortality, bar accidents. But what of the mass of mankind? Mr. Shaw rather contemptuously consigns them to the class of "short-livers," who appear to be mainly Britons, with Imperial headquarters in Baghdad. Presumably they die out, or, as in the case of the elderly English gentleman in Part IV., are assassinated by the supermen. But with the loss of the conception (surely the Socialist one) of the rise of humanity *en masse*, all the warmth dies out of the idea of social progress. It becomes ascetic and Manichæan. In his expository preface Mr. Shaw rightly distinguishes Goethe, the Olympian, from the pessimist Shakspeare and the realist Ibsen, the critical and irreligious dramatists of intellectual Europe. For Goethe, like Swedenborg, had seized the Pauline conception of ascent from Adam, the first Man, to the second, who is the Lord from Heaven. And so he reserved for his Faust an active and fruitful old age, passing, in the final content of accomplishment, into the rapture of redeemed and purified love. But there are no raptures for Mr. Shaw. Man's Cosmic Experience is for him the tearing of one illusion after another from the skin of a carnal and hypocritical creature. "We were well enough in the garden," he makes the ghost of the toiling, unimaginative Adam cry at the close of his sombre retrospect of what is rather a thin, qualitative selection than a generous process of creative evolution. Yes, indeed; if the end of all his toil was to eliminate not only the egoistic perversity of man, but effort and affection, and to leave him mooning round an animal-less sphere, from which pain and strife have disappeared, while wisdom swallows up good, leaving itself equally devoid of object and content. Mr. Shaw makes Lilith, the mystical mother of birth, describe this arrival at the gates of death, figured as if they were the only heaven of which man was capable:—

"They have taken the agony from birth; and their life does not fail them even in the hour of their destruction. Their breasts are without milk; their bowels are gone; the very shapes of them are only ornaments for their children to admire and caress without understanding."

What, then, has been accomplished? Well, man has cured himself of his vileness, and Cain, the first murderer, lies buried with his innumerable progeny of the violent and the unredeemed. Of Life itself there cannot well be an end; the vast landscape of creation will always fade into a populous "beyond." But the reign of the spirit in the human heart is merely the signal for the slowing down of its tumultuous heat, and God reappears as the pale Avatar of annihilation.

It seems to me to be quite natural for Hamlet-Shaw to end thus, though it hardly justifies him in cutting formally loose (as he has so often done) from the pessimism of Shakspeare. Shaw, even when in nominal pursuit of State Socialism, was always, like Swift, a rationalist, bravely dropping seeds of liberty and truth into the spirit of man. His pilgrimage has shown him that Man does not live long enough to attain to either, and so he gives him three hundred years in which (with the help of science) to try again. But even in the act of creative evolution he discovers that there is nothing much to evolve, only a great deal to purge and cast away. What was to be done in the way of spiritual progress with a creature of such violent and endemic irrationality as Man? For sixty years Shaw had seen and observed it in the attractive guise of God's Englishman. What could he make of such a being? He was a wit and an Irishman. What beauty could he see in Imperialism? An acutely sensitive critic of art, he was too much of a Puritan to become its devotee. It belonged to the childhood and the enthusiasm of the past. Shaw's powers of style and self-expression gave him a hold on this world of British Philistinism; but something incurably fastidious in his nature

has always forbidden him to conceive a truly religious affection for the human being. For a killing, vivisection, flesh-eating, coarsely love-making, woodenly selfish, and yet absurdly complacent animal like that, the best that Shaw could predict was a deliverance from the body of its death. That was as far as his thought would reach. His artist wings have never been quite strong enough to carry him into the mystic region where both the Christian and the humanist poet saw God as the centre of radiant energy, eternally renewed. Sick of materialism in life and thought, he has turned, he says, to metaphysics. In reality, he ends as a Christian heretic, a Manichee of the twentieth century.

The style and artistry of this long series of fabulist plays, with their provoking and energetic preface, are unequal. The opening scene in the Garden of Eden, and of the Serpent's incitement to the adventure that is to end in nothing, is a masterpiece, easily and beautifully playable, and it is a pity that Mr. Shaw could not carry on his concise, dramatic start to the end of his journey. The middle is almost a halt for political comedy by the way. The close catches up the lost philosophical idea of the enterprise, and restores it to dignity and spiritual consequence. Here the child-lover frolics butterfly-like on the scene, before the shades of ancient wisdom close on her and on the disillusioned artists who follow her brief morn. Here the He and She Ancients appear and retire to their groves and mountains, morosely contemplating a world that is already dead. Here the ghosts of the past—of the Adam who toiled and willed, of the Eve who was curious, of the Serpent who tempted, and introduced laughter and death to the world—revisit the glimpses of a moon-like earth, where the weak live for ever, while Lilith, the deputy-creator, preaches the funeral sermon of humanity. It is an impressive, a poetic conclusion. But it is not the attainment of God. It is the fall of the leaves of the Tree of Life.

H. W. M.

THE HYPER-EDITING OF SHAKESPEARE.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. Edited by Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH and JOHN DOVER WILSON. "The New Shakespeare." (Cambridge University Press. 6s.)

IT is to be regretted that the editors of "The New Shakespeare" have felt themselves bound to follow the order of the plays in the Folio. No doubt the tradition of editing Shakespeare is imperative in this matter; but surely not more imperative than the tradition of retaining as much as possible of the Folio punctuation. If the Cambridge editors found in themselves courage enough to revolutionize the stopping of the plays, they certainly need not have hesitated to follow the order of their composition instead of the non-sensical sequence of the Folio. The reason for the regret is not in the least formal. It is a piece of unusual good fortune that we have a critic of real discrimination in charge of the most important edition of Shakespeare that has appeared in our time; and it is a pity that the conditions under which he has elected to work are such that he cannot get the best out of himself, or give us of that best. For the finer achievements of Shakespearian criticism depend upon a present sense of the growth of Shakespeare's mind, perceptions, and technique. In order to follow this shining and elusive thread the plays must be treated in the order of composition. The approximate fixing of that order was the chief contribution of the nineteenth century to Shakespeare criticism. Why have his twentieth-century editors not taken advantage of it?

This is not a quibble for the sake of contrariety. If a modern editor of Shakespeare forgoes the opportunity of working through the plays in their true order, he sacrifices the most potent instrument for keeping his discrimination keen. Only by this means can his sense of what was possible for Shakespeare at any period in his evolution remain unblunted. Above all, was this necessary for the literary member of the present editorial partnership? For Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is running with a dangerous yokel. Mr. Dover Wilson has an apocalyptic enthusiasm; he is persuaded that he is giving true Shakespeare to a world

that knows him not. No doubt Sir Arthur shares his absolute conviction about the "dramatic punctuation" of the Folio; but it is scarcely probable that he feels quite so positively that he can see through the columns of the Folio to Shakespeare's autograph manuscript. That dazzling dream is always before Mr. Wilson's eyes. It is a reality for him. He therefore is able to speak of "cuts" with a positiveness that is quite frightening to those who feel slightly conservative about the text of Shakespeare; he is able also to suggest palæographical emendations which are terrifying. The Folio of "Two Gentlemen of Verona," for instance, makes Valentine say, when he confesses to Proteus that he, too, has fallen in love:—

"I have done penance for contemning love,
Whose high imperious thoughts have punished me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans. . . ."

That seems good enough early Shakespeare. But no! Mr. Wilson says—after all, there is no warrant, save personal conviction, for ascribing some notes to Mr. Wilson alone—Jekyll says: "A difficulty," and suggests that "thoughts" should be emended to "thongs." Is "high imperious thongs" more likely Shakespeare than "high imperious thoughts"? Perish the thong! Again, the Folio makes Proteus say, when he offers to court Silvia for Thurio:—

"But say this weed her love from Valentine
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio. . . ."

Jekyll suggests "wend" for "weed." Even if we admit that "to weed from" is an awkward expression, it is a perfectly intelligible one; but "wend" in the sense of "make to wind" would be unique in Shakespeare. If "weed" is to be changed, "wean" seems the obvious word. Moreover, the argument used to support "wend"—namely, that it anticipates Thurio's metaphor in the following lines—

"Therefore, as you unwind her love from him—
Lest it should ravel and be good to none—
You must provide to bottom it on me. . . ."

is no support at all. It is the precise contrary. It is not Shakespeare's habit to make one speaker carry on the metaphor of another, except in the word-play of his comic scenes.

And this, though it is itself a very small matter, is characteristic of the behavior of Jekyll in this edition of "Two Gentlemen of Verona." He is a precisian. He feels that Shakespeare was a perfectly logical and consistent person. There is no great harm in that for ordinary people, because they have to accept the text, which is quite conclusive evidence that the composer of it was neither logical nor consistent. But Jekyll is not ordinary. In his mind's eye there is the Shakespeare autograph MS. Every uncompleted half-line is a finger-print of the adapter, who has been at his villainous work of corrupting this truly Platonic archetype—the original, coherent, consistent work of the man who wrote "high imperious thongs" instead of "high imperious thoughts."

Now this is a highly dangerous condition for an editor of Shakespeare to be in. Apart from its explosive effects in conjectural emendation, it produces in the reader a state of alarm, misgiving, and, finally, mistrust. It turns him from the conservative he ought, into the reactionary he ought not, to be; he becomes adamant to all suggestion. That is particularly undesirable with a play like "Two Gentlemen of Verona," which has a perfectly straightforward difficulty. Probably every reader of Shakespeare—sentimental, technical, philosophic, dramatic—cherishes a conviction that Shakespeare did not write the last scene as it stands. It contains outrages to sentiment, to prosody, and to dramatic technique. But when such a simple conviction is met by a long series of attempted proofs that the whole of the play is an abridgment and adaptation of a remote Shakespearian original, it begins to hide its head. In a question of æsthetic probability, degree is everything. I may be, as I am, convinced that there is something wrong with the play; but at the same time I have the most violent objections to thinking that everything is wrong with it.

The two editors are here tacitly, yet hopelessly, at odds. Hyde (who is in the introduction avowedly "Q.") is perfectly reasonable. He admits frankly that Shakespeare could be incredibly careless. The shifting of the action between Verona, Mantua, and Milan, and the frequent

confusion in mentioning one of these places when it should be another, are just Shakespeare. But for Jekyll each of these confusions is another nail in the coffin of the play we have got. Whenever Shakespeare says "Verona" for "Milan," Jekyll visibly winces. But Hyde knows that Shakespeare had a fine English contempt for foreign geography. He simply did not trouble to remember where his people were. They were in Italy: that was enough. Nor is it possible to make anything out of the confused time-scheme of the play. Proteus seems to have managed to get more into an evening at Milan than most of us could in a year. But, again, that was Shakespeare's way. To crawl over one of his plays with a stop-watch and an Ordnance-Survey map is simply to be stupid.

Jekyll (at this juncture avowedly Mr. Dover Wilson) selects two passages to make good his case for wholesale manipulation. First, the acknowledged textual crux of the play (II., 4, 194) where the Folio makes Proteus say:—

"It is mine, or Valentine's praise?
Her true perfection, or my false transgression?
That makes me reasonlesse, to reason thus?"

It is a corrupt line, but it is obviously nothing more. There is no room for any considerable cut. The speech and the argument are quite consecutive. Any textual crux in any play would prove as much, or as little. The other passage in the last scene, where Julia says:—

"O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia: which (out of my neglect) was never done."

On which Jekyll comments:—

"The occurrence of an isolated prose speech in the middle of a verse scene raises suspicions. But suspicion becomes certain when it is observed that 'Which, out of my neglect, was never done' is a line of verse. In other words, the adapter has here tampered with the text, using, however, a scrap of Shakespeare's original to help patch the rent."

But "O good sir, my master charged me" is the end of a good line of verse; and "To deliver a ring to Madame Silvia" is not a very brilliant, but a passable line of verse also. And they are printed as such in most editions. Jekyll's ear, however, tells him that "Which, out of my neglect, was never done" is a true Shakespearean verse, and that the others are not. An ear so fine is too delicate a foundation for a monumental theory.

Fortunately, the case against the last scene is more substantial than Jekyll, with all his chronometrical, topographical, and palaeographical minutiae, can make it. It is a question of whether you believe that Shakespeare's Valentine, after watching his friend Proteus attempt to rape his own lady-love Silvia, immediately said:—

"Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth; for these are pleased:
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased...
And that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee."

Most of us are satisfied that no character of Shakespeare's ever said them. They will eat their hats if Shakespeare ever wrote "And that my love may appear plain and free." As for the sentiment of the last line, it is unspeakable. But it does not do to press that argument too much. Shakespeare may conceivably have been writing to an actor-manager's order.

Once your mind is open to a doubt of the authenticity of the last scene, the suspicion finds plenty to corroborate it. The versification of Valentine's speech, "Thou common friend that's without faith or love," simply will not fit the Shakespeare of this period. Sir Arthur suggests that the original ending of the play was unpopular, and that a new finale was knocked together. The difficulty of this supposition is that it is exceedingly hard to believe that the present finale was an improvement on anything, even from the actor-manager's point of view. We have to content ourselves with the belief that for some inscrutable reason Shakespeare's ending was altered by a playhouse cobbler.

The important thing, after all, is that the rest of this preposterous and almost boyish play is delightful. Shakespeare is blowing bubbles, and we cannot help being fascinated by the iridescent, airy nothings. In nearly all of them we catch enchanting glimpses of a divine reality to be. They will come to earth again, and shape, Julia into

Viola, Valentine into Romeo, Lucetta into Nerissa. The romanticism of Shakespeare is slipping like quicksilver from under the influence of Marlowe; and while we watch it we feel the immensity of Shakespeare's debt to Marlowe. He mentions "Hero and Leander" twice in the play. It was only fair that he should. And he owed something still to Marlowe's verse technique:—

"Why, Phaethon—for thou art Merops' son—
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?"

The first three of these lines might well be Marlowe's own; the fourth is the new creation of Shakespeare.

In "Two Gentlemen of Verona" we see the first exquisite unfolding of Shakespeare's genius. We feel that we could, here and there, even pick out the very word in which he passes to his own kingdom, secure, unchallengeable.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

RELIGIO POLITICI.

Religion in Politics. By ARTHUR PONSONBY. (Parsons. 5s. net.)

WHAT is truth? asked jesting Pilate. What is religion? What is politics? And what has the one to do with the other? asks anything-but-jesting Mr. Ponsonby. Jestling Pilate would not stay for an answer. Mr. Ponsonby's readers, after staying for one, are left a little doubtful whether they have got it.

For Mr. Ponsonby has disappointingly little to say. Not that on the destructive side he has any deficiencies. The Churches, one and all, are left a scattered heap of bricks by the roadside where he has passed. As for politics, that may mean anything or everything or nothing in particular in this country—and in his survey of political parties and doctrines Mr. Ponsonby gives no sign of recognizing that other countries with political parties and doctrines exist.

The upshot of it all is that true religion translated into practical politics, and political practice actuated by true religious motives, spell inevitably Socialism. That, at least, is very nearly what Mr. Ponsonby says. Actually his whole argument is something of a *petitio principii*. For he makes it perfectly clear that for him Socialism is a religion, not the product of a religion; and that it is a political creed, not the goal to which a political creed points the way.

For that position there is a great deal to be said. Socialism at its best—and it is only Socialism at its best that Mr. Ponsonby preaches—comes nearer, in theory at any rate, than any other political creed to those doctrines to which the author, in the course of his quite legitimate attacks on their exponents, gives such short shrift. There is no need to contest the declaration that:—

"Love, altruism, co-operation, brotherhood, service, sacrifice, justice, freedom, equality of opportunity, increasing antagonism to materialism and riches, and a complete and absolute denial that force should be a regulating factor in individual, in national or in international affairs, is a surer, more practical, more spiritual, and a loftier creed than the Apostles', the Nicene, and the Athanasian Creeds rolled into one."

That is as it may be, though the implications of a sincere belief in most of the Apostles' Creed might not be very different from an equally sincere acceptance of Mr. Ponsonby's.

But what matters is what lies behind. You do not dispose of Christianity by assailing the numberless vulnerable points of the organized Churches of to-day. And it may well be questioned whether the most eloquent exponent of the highest Socialist ideals will ever impress the House of Commons as it was impressed on an afternoon in 1916 when a Quaker M.P. rose in a debate on conscientious objection and for ten minutes preached the pure gospel of Jesus Christ. (Two speeches by Lord Hugh Cecil on the same subject had a like effect.)

After all, religion works itself out, not through the organized Churches, but through the individual. It covers

the whole of life. It makes a man what he is, and he rarely stops to consider whether the motive that animates him, in politics or any other activity, is something that can be labelled distinctively and dogmatically as religious. For that reason the real influence of religion in politics is unassessable.

But that does not mean accepting Mr. Ponsonby's submission that religion can supply no incentives which Socialism does not equally well provide. His thesis would stand if he would claim rather less for it. It is no use contending that the merits Socialism undoubtedly possesses are exclusive to itself. Mr. Ponsonby, for example, suggests that:—

"The Labor Movement . . . is composed of manual workers, brain workers, and all who realize that without the complete emancipation of the worker from hampering restrictions and economic subjection, general social regeneration benefiting all classes of the community cannot be effected, and the perennial struggle between wealth and poverty must continue."

If that definition were valid the Labor Party would embrace practically every real Liberal and not a few who still label themselves politically Conservative. Even the Prime Minister would pass the test.

Of the tendency to obliterate difficulties by merely enveloping them in a cloud of words, Mr. Ponsonby gives an excellent example when he points his criticism of the League of Nations by a definition of the true Internationalism:—

"The peoples," he declares, "duly controlling the course of their foreign policy, and once for all abolishing the old diplomacy and secret compacts, would constitute a body of real representatives of all nations (not of an alliance of States) which should not be tied or hampered by any of the provisions of the vindictive and dictated peace treaties."

If all Mr. Ponsonby wants is an international debating society, his definition will no doubt give it him. But how could any effective Society of Nations be built up on the basis he suggests? Nations express themselves politically through Governments, and it is only a League of Governments that can give effect to decisions taken in an international conference, on disarmament or anything else. There is no short cut to the ideal League of Nations. You can never get a good League till you have got good Governments in the countries that constitute the League. And, tempted as we may be, after failing to get the Government we want at home, to aim at an international super-Government that will realize our desires, the endeavor is none the less sheer futility.

That Mr. Ponsonby's arguments provide food for thought need hardly be said. But as a whole they lead us by no very clear path to no very definite goal. A good standard to measure them by is the last chapter of Mr. Tawney's "The Acquisitive Society."

H. W. H.

A STEEPLEJACK OF ALL TRADES.

Steeplejack. By JAMES HUNEKER. Two vols. (Werner Laurie. 42s. net.)

THERE was hardly need of an autobiography by James Huneker, but the announcement of his death immediately following upon the English publication of these two volumes has made us glad that he wrote them. Huneker's whole method was autobiographical—how his fellow countrymen regarded him, how they welcomed and drank in all his many words, we guess from his enormous popularity and influence these many years as art and literary editor of various New York journals. The fifty-nine chapters of recollection that go to make up the volumes are simply a continuation of the essays in "Ivory, Apes, and Peacocks," "Iconoclasts," "The New Cosmopolis," and the rest of the bizarre series in which we found Huneker the man just as readily. The bulk would have come to us in any case, had he lived; the main justification for "Steeplejack" in its separate form being, we feel, the thin thread of chronology that links up the various chapters, the description of his boyhood in old Philadelphia, and, above all, the loving portrait of his mother at the commencement.

The worst qualities of Huneker's work are flagrantly obvious. He paraphrases, quotes, alludes, cracks jokes, puns badly, indulges in reminiscence, and sets down literary and artistic judgments with a gusto that is as hearty as the emphasis of a pewter pot on a counter.

"Swinburne was new, Wagner was new, Manet, Monet, and Rodin were new. I was happy in being born at such cross-roads of art. I watched all novel manifestations across the water. George Eliot had just published 'Daniel Deronda,' and while the waning of her popularity dated from that fiction, over here she was at her apogee. I admired her, still admire her, but wouldn't give up Charlotte Brontë or Jane Austen for her. Indeed, I would rather read the critical writings of her companion, George Henry Lewes, with his lively Jewish imagination, capital memory, and splendid workmanship. . . . His coda, a veritable challenge to idealism and its exponents, still remains unanswerable. On the last page of the 'Biographical History of Philosophy,' he asks: 'Have we any ideas independent of experience?' The answer is always a negative. The latest champion of idealistic absolutism—despite William James and his Pluralism, it is idealism—Henri Bergson may wriggle as metaphysically as he pleases—and as a phrase-maker he is an artist, but he can't evade that question of George Henry Lewes without imperilling his shaky lath, plaster, and cobweb edifice. The essay by Lewes on Actors and Acting is a classic. Nevertheless, George Eliot had a touch of genius and her mate had not. He was supremely clever, nothing more."

Huneker's judgments are usually of this mixture, sound and silly and pretentious at the same moment. The most interesting chapters for English readers will be those in the second volume on "G. B. S." and Mr. Max Beerbohm. Huneker's acquaintance with the latter came by way of his preface to Mr. Shaw's essays on the theatre. While resisting the temptation of nicknaming Mr. Beerbohm "Mud-Victorian Max" (which he felt he might justifiably have done, London being "clogged with literary mud during the Yellow Book period"), he referred to him as "Mid-Victorian Max." As a result, "Max went up into the air; pages of loving invective followed, and I began to feel famous." These affectionate exchanges were, of course, the attraction of opposites. Mr. Shaw he apostrophizes during his narrative as "George, dear old son!"

TROPICS OF MIND AND ESTATE.

The Man Who Did the Right Thing. By SIR HARRY JOHNSTON. (Chatto & Windus. 8s. 6d. net.)

Shadow and Sunlight. By B. L. GRANT WATSON. (Cape. 7s. 6d. net.)

Woman. By MAGDELEINE MARX. Translated by A. S. SELTZER. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON declares that "the central idea of this book . . . was based to some extent on what actually happened at Unguja and elsewhere," but that he has endeavored so "to disturb and re-present the facets of my truth" as not to wound the feelings of living people (good and bad) caught from reality and entangled in the meshes of a very vivid account of East Africa between 1886 and the war. In most novels, places, peoples, and events are light and shade to play upon human personality; here, it is the other way about. The actual story, vigorous, homespun, candid, but a trifle conventional and loosely constructed, owing to the wide passage of time, is never so obtrusive or absorbing as to rub the outlines of Sir Harry's extraordinarily graphic picture of the East African interior between (roughly) the Swahili coast and snow-capped Kilima-njaro. Anybody, in fact, familiar with "The Kilima-njaro Expedition" (1886), with its excellent maps, will be able to find a way even through the complicated and disguised geography of "The Man Who Did the Right Thing." He is Captain Brentham, who falls in love with Lucy, the destined wife of the missionary Baines at the Unguja station, whom she marries, but she leaves with Brentham for the coast on the threat of Arab concentration to restore the old slave-raiding conditions. Her husband is killed by the Ruga-Ruga auxiliaries of the Arabs, and she marries Brentham, who is "rusticated" from the slight scandal aroused. The story then pursues a desultory trek up to and a little beyond (it is a very long book) Brentham's leadership of an Anglo-German Concession to open up "The

Happy Valley" with its ore deposits, which he had discovered on his way to the coast with Lucy.

Sir Harry is well advised to exploit quite frankly his human material to elicit the larger tones of East African politics—the relations of England and Germany over Protectorates, the methods of colonial appointments, the types of English pioneers and settlers, the missionary influence, which he weighs with impartial care, and the intricate problems of the future of this mysterious, dark, and agonized land. There are novelists alive who are at least Sir Harry's equal—one greatly his superior—in drawing human character against a tropical background; no other writer possesses so profound, enlightened, and first-hand an experience of East African affairs, which he has here unrolled in broad yet intimate perspective. "The Man Who Did the Right Thing" is really a history of East Africa from 1886 onwards, with all the freshness and crispness which a thin veil of fiction interwoven with strands of personal reminiscence contributes. The descriptions of the countryside to the north of the old German territory, with its great herds of elephant, gnu, hartebeest, eland, impala, gazelle, and zebra, are of dynamic force and zest, no less than those of the traders, adventurers, sportsmen, and riff-raff who maddened the natives, massacred the unique fauna, and turned a wild garden into a wilderness.

"Shadow and Sunlight" is more modest in scope. It is a story of three people, not of a huge slice out of a continent—the philosophic rationalist and solitary Blunt, the missionary Matherson, and Blunt's "housekeeper," Eva Dixon, who comes out to him in the Western Archipelago, on Matherson's suggestion. Blunt is well aware that religion in savage lands has, like Dagon the Philistine god, a fish-tail called Trade, and the story sets out with workmanlike balance and judgment the conflict between the "disillusioned and cautious love" of the wilds in Blunt and the fanatical religious zeal of Eva, at once opposed and kindred to the childlike heathen faith of the natives of Matana. Mr. Grant Watson holds his scales fairly and leaves us in doubt at the end on whom to bestow the moral bays—Blunt or his wife, torn between her sacred and profane loves, or the natives, who ultimately kill them both. The old ferocious spirit of immolation in pagan beliefs has been, if spiritualized, retained in the narrower Christian doctrines, and Mr. Grant Watson's impartiality and sense of nicely graduated contrasts help to make a novel which stimulates but does not inebriate us.

"Save me from my friends" should have been Magdeleine Marx's comment on receiving the passionate tributes to the brilliance, originality, power, depth, character, loftiness, magnificence, audacity, and exquisiteness of "Woman" from Barbusse, Zangwill, Bertrand Russell, Isadora Duncan, Rolland, Brandes, Steinlen ("It is life. It is beautiful"), and others. But the trials of the critic, having negotiated these distinguished rhapsodies, are not yet over. He is then confronted by the author's own. She writes in the worst possible style of gush through pages crowded with artificial tensions, wordy mannerisms, and theatrical gestures. It speaks, we believe, much more for the genuine insight of the book than the critic's forbearance that he should be able to recognize and appreciate it through all this tangle of undergrowth. The book is chiefly concerned with the relations of a modern young woman to her husband and lover, and of curious interest is her desire to bring them into intimate contact with each other. The book is neither worthless nor a masterpiece, but a strange and unstable compound of both elements left in the raw material.

WOMEN IN THE LABOR MARKET.

Women in Trade Unions. By BARBARA DRAKE. (Labor Research Department. 8s. 6d. net.)

MRS. DRAKE'S able and exhaustive account of the women workers of this country who are either trade unionists or potential trade unionists appears at a timely moment, when

the position of women in industry is an important factor in the whole problem of unemployment. From this point of view the third section of her book, "Problems of Women in Trade Unions," dealing with most of the controversial aspects of their presence in the labor market, will probably prove the most attractive to the average reader. But, to be properly appreciated, it should not be read apart from the excellent historical and industrial survey which precedes it.

Part I, the history of the movement, takes us back as far as 1811, when a parson-magistrate at Loughborough issued a warning to some daring women laceworkers on strike, indicating that all such proceedings were a breach of the law. In another case, at Stockport in 1817, a group of men and women strikers were given a choice between a month's imprisonment and a return to work—they chose the former. More topical is the complaint of the Grand Lodge of Operative Bonnet Makers, that "the heroes returning from the fighting of 1815 had invaded the straw bonnet trade and lowered the price of female labor"; and it is satisfactory to learn from this that blacklegs have not always been women. The story of the foundation of the Women's Trade Union League by Mrs. Paterson, of the efforts of the women to win representation on the Trades Union Congress, which was not granted to them until the Glasgow Congress of 1876, and of the subsequent formation of the National Federation of Women Workers, which has since done so much for unskilled and unprotected factory workers, is a fascinating one to those who know only the later stages of the women's struggle for recognition in the labor market. The tale is brought down to the aftermath of the war, when, as the writer says, the position of the women, discharged wholesale to make room for men, was not an enviable one, though "in all probability it was not so profoundly unenviable as at any time in past history." For at least they had learnt the value of organization; and the second part of Mrs. Drake's book deals with the extent to which the men have allowed the women to enter their unions since the time when, in 1889, the average trade unionist's view was expressed in a message dispatched to the Women's League from one town: "Please send an organizer at once, for our Amalgamated Society has decided that if the women of this town cannot be organized they must be exterminated." This second section of the book will be found very useful by those students of industrialism who want actual facts as to women's status in the different craft unions.

Mrs. Drake presents throughout with great fairness both the men's and the women's side of the question. "A genuine indifference to lines of sex demarcation is practically confined to cotton weavers," she admits, going on to say further that there is truth, too, in the common accusation that men in this matter are guilty of sex prejudice and also of wishing to confine women to domestic occupations. But she also points out that "The true causes of trade union restrictions on female labor are economic"; and in answer to those who would exclude women on the ground that their introduction into a men's trade tends to bring down wages, she urges that "If men's trade unions are strong enough to prevent women's employment they are also strong enough to permit it on their own terms."

In the chapter on "Equal Pay for Equal Work," she takes, one by one, the usual arguments against this principle, and disposes of each in turn, making rather an uncommon point with the remark, "The fact should not be overlooked that there are actually more bachelors than spinsters in industry"—a statement which should silence those who say that men's superior wages are based on their having a wife to support. In conclusion, she thinks

"it may be said that the case against 'equal pay' breaks down, and that a difference, real or supposed, in the needs of men and women, in the market price of male and female labor, in men's and women's output, in their qualifications, or in the job done by them, may, or ought to, be met by other means than those of deductions from wages. The root problem of women in trade unions is a wages problem. Its solution will directly lead to the solution of others, and will finally banish from industry the old suspicions and prejudices which set men and women in antagonism and retard the growth of labor solidarity."

Foreign Literature.

RECENT GERMAN HISTORICAL NOVELS.

Der König. Von KARL ROSNER. (Stuttgart: Cotta'sche Buchhandlung Nachfolger.)

Die Töchter der Hekuba. Von CLARA VIEBIG. (Berlin: Fleischel.)

Das rote Meer. Von CLARA VIEBIG. (Berlin: Fleischel.)

Der neunte November. Von BERNHARD KELLERMANN. (Berlin: Fischer.)

THE German Revolution, with the events which led up to it, must be becoming a rather remote, historical event to Germans, for they have begun to put it into fiction—fiction not of that intimate, intense quality which ought more properly to be called passionate diary-writing, such as Mr. Wells's "Britling," but novels of a far more detached, far lighter character. While the struggle lasted there was little published writing of any consequence on the war. In general the older writers, after a few months of overheated patriotism, the excited expression of which they are probably now regretting, left the war alone, at least as far as their art was concerned. Hauptmann did, for example; so did Sudermann and Wedekind among the dramatists, the brothers Heinrich and Thomas Mann among the novelists. There was a great deal of war-writing by the younger men, and some of it—a drama by Walter Hasenclever, a dramatic trilogy not yet complete by Fritz von Unruh—may have a certain permanence. But all this was, at its worst, a mere sermonizing against war—for the amount of writing, pacifist in its effect, which the younger poets and dramatists published towards the end of 1917 and during 1918, is astonishing. At its best it was true imaginative art, in which the fact that the subject or background was the Great War was entirely subordinate. In a sentence, there was very little "documentary" writing, in poem, play, or fiction, on the war and its consequences until at least a year after the collapse. The fact that it came as early as that, however, is, as has been indicated, worth noting.

There were two more classes of German war-writers to which reference has not been made. These were those who not only began, as, one must admit, the majority did, by an extraordinary output of hackneyed writing, patriotic in tone but for the most part forced in style, but actually continued in the rut. Most newspaper readers will remember that the popular novelist Ludwig Ganghofer was one of these. The other class consisted of those writers who left art for genuine war-correspondence. The dramatist Wilhelm Schmidtbonn was one who did this; Bernhard Kellermann, whose latest novel is here under review, was another of the best known. Karl Rosner, we are afraid, was one of the "official" writers. He, like Ganghofer, was attached to the Imperial Headquarters, where his sentimental pen no doubt found ready employment. The fact, which otherwise might lower him in the critic's estimation, may be reckoned an advantage in the case of his novel "Der König." This is nothing but an account, in the thin guise of fiction, of the Kaiser's life at the front during the last, most critical nine months of the war. There is little merit in his writing. Sentimentality and rhetoric occur on every page. As a picture, however, the book has points of interest, and, if no one else remembers it, historians, looking for something a little more intimate than the official war narratives, possibly may do so.

Clara Viebig's novel is on a different plane. This is really capable fiction, free from any purpose beyond the desire to entertain. It is a picture of German domestic life during the war, "Die Töchter der Hekuba" dealing with the period from August, 1914, to December, 1916, when the famous peace offer closed one chapter of history and opened another, while "Das rote Meer," as the title implies, treats of that pilgrimage of blood and tears which Germany trod in the last year of the war, culminating in Red Revolution. There are two Berlin families, related by marriage, the Lossbergs and the Bertholdis, round whom the story is woven. On the romantic side, the double novel constitutes an extraordinarily

interesting study in feminine psychology, particularly of German feminine psychology under the strain of the war; on the historical side, Clara Viebig has painted, on a small but adequate canvas, a minute study of German conditions during the war. We are not certain that the latter function of the novel—the vividness and reality it is able to impart to history—is not the more valuable. But for the rest it is worth remarking that in her treatment of Annemarie Bertholdi, whose husband had fallen in action, leaving his widow with a short memory of his sacrifice, eventually to be carried away on the stream of pleasure and irresponsibility which appears to have risen to greater heights in Germany than anywhere else—in this character particularly the novelist has successfully combined both functions. She has written a very able piece of characterization, and, at the same time, provided material for a deeper insight into the spiritual condition of Germany during the latter part of the war than one will gain from all the war-books and newspaper reports.

It is, perhaps, significant that Bernhard Kellermann, although he had, as war correspondent, gained an intimate knowledge of conditions at the front, devotes himself to conditions at home almost as exclusively as does Clara Viebig. One might imagine the title of his novel to be a misnomer. In a volume of nearly five hundred pages the Revolution is not described until the last forty or so. The preceding chapters deal entirely—apart from a number of very brief interludes describing, by way of intense contrast, the terrible strain on the men in the trenches—with society life in Berlin during the last year of the war. It is clear that Kellermann, like Clara Viebig, started out from the assumption that the war was lost—and the Revolution produced in consequence—by the defeat on the "home front." His treatment of the theme is more vivid, more melodramatic, and perhaps not quite so accurate in the impression it creates as that of "Das rote Meer," but the two novels proceed on the same principle.

In Berlin there was a *salon*, presided over by Dora, Frau Major von Donhoff, heroine of numerous intrigues, devotee of luxury and worldliness. One of her most faithful adorers was the General von Hecht-Babenberg, and the story is, for the greater part, told round these two. The General's son Otto represents the type of young German officer who, having seen something of the horrors of the front, determines that, by hook or by crook, he will share no more in them but have a "good time"—this leading him into a dangerous intrigue with Dora. His sister Ruth, on the other hand, is the type of serious young person whom the war turned gradually into a pacifist, and then, by rapid stages, into a kind of Bolshevik idealist. She breaks off her engagement with a young aristocrat and gives her affection to a young student, Ackermann, from whom she learns the forbidden doctrines of class struggle and proletarian solidarity. But before the Revolution comes Ackermann is discovered and shot on a charge of treason. Ruth commits suicide, just before the fateful "Ninth"; Otto yields finally to the temptations of luxury and licence; the General finds all his illusions, Dora all her conscienceless intrigue, abruptly shattered by the Revolution. They had been dancing on a volcano. It required a certain detachment from the actual doctrines of the Revolution to write this novel, which, with all its technical faults, must be regarded as a useful supplement to memoirs and historical documents concerning Germany during 1918.

Books in Brief.

T.A.B. : A Memoir of Thomas Allnutt, Second Earl Brassey.
By the Rev. FRANK PARTRIDGE. (Murray. 16s. net.)

THREE letters quoted in this memoir are at once a summary of the story of T. A. B., his interests, his spirit, his limitations, his success in one respect, and his failure in another. In a letter to Lord Milner in December, 1916, he wrote: "It is the failure to govern by Birrell & Co. that has produced the present and appalling state of things [in Ireland]. Wilson's note is a dreadful production. His

statement that the belligerents both declare they are fighting for the same object deserves all that Garvin says of it in the 'Observer.' Garvin has never written anything better. . . . Carson is probably the only man who could do what is needed in Ireland." In February, 1918, he wrote to Mr. George Lansbury: "I agree with much of what you say. The Labor unrest of which you speak not only requires the conclusion of peace, but also the setting of our constitution in order. . . . In an English legislature I conceive that the Labor Party would at once, or very soon, have a majority and have the responsibility of government. I think that it is most desirable that they should do so." Thirty-four years earlier, when T. A. B. was at Oxford, his father wrote to him a long letter of advice, with the subjects cross-headed. He advised his son to avoid theological discussions, to study modern history and political economy, especially "the numerous valuable brochures published by the Cobden Club" (T. A. B. became an enthusiastic supporter of Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Reform campaign), and he emphasized the importance of reading Blue Books. The letter went on to advise the son on politics, hunting, shooting, the good use of income, and the advantage of an early and happy marriage. T. A. B.'s career was guided by a dutiful following of the parental advice. He devoted his life with abounding enthusiasm and energy to public service, and if he was a failure in politics it was because his honest but indiscriminate mind regarded political questions as things to be studied for the public good, and not for the good of politicians. "He was hopeless as a party man," writes Lord Milner in a foreword to this biography.

* * *

The Tower of London. By WALTER G. BELL. (Lane. 6s. net.)

MR. BELL, who has given us one of the best of guides to old London, and also the only adequate account of the Great Fire in 1666, has established a position as a trustworthy historian who can use his material to entertain as well as instruct. His latest book has not the entirely satisfying quality of his story of the Fire, but within its dimensions it contains more information about the Tower than we have found elsewhere. This can be confessed with less shame since it is safe to affirm that thousands of Londoners who pass the building every day, and once or twice in their lives may have ventured inside, know nothing more about one of our chief possessions than that it is old. As Mr. Bell says, if the Tower were in some remote part of Wales or the Lake District, Londoners on holiday would flock to it. Mr. Bell traces its history from the building of the formidable Keep by William the Conqueror up to recent attempts by German airmen to destroy it. It is a bloody record, but a fascinating one. The sinister impression the Tower always has made upon us will be deepened by Mr. Bell's story. But sombreness is not the feeling which fills Mr. Hanslip Fletcher's mind, apparently, for his illustrations convey an atmosphere of daintiness and charm.

* * *

The Future of Local Government. By G. D. H. COLE. (Cassell. 5s. net.)

THE Labor Party, or one section of it at least, has generally recognized the importance of local government, and from the Labor point of view Mr. Cole, who appears to be the wholesale dispenser of ideas and instruction to latter-day Socialists, has marshalled an interesting book with his usual clarity and assertiveness. He considers the possibilities of reorganizing local government to meet the vast expansion of civic and economic services which it will perform for the community under an equitable industrial dispensation, and the carrying out of these functions on a basis of real and effective autonomy. The changes visioned here, he admits, "are not likely to be carried out by any Capitalist Government"; but this is a book to enable the Guild Socialist to be prompt with his plans when the Capitalist system really has passed. Mr. Cole's entertaining argument for the division of the country into "regions," with large autonomous powers, will carry the student of the present-day forms of local government—if he is not already acquainted with Guild Socialist theory—into spheres he had never dreamed of.

From the Publishers' Table.

It has been made known that an edition of George Darley's works is in preparation. Darley as poet has never yet lacked his audience, though that has been itself largely one of poets; his influence as prose writer has not perhaps been made clear. He was for many years the leading critic of THE ATHENÆUM, and his discussions of pictures as well as books were very frequent until his death in 1846. Darley is another instance of the dangers of anonymity. His prose rarely, if ever, bears his signature, and his verse was often put forth over initials ("G. D.'s" were common at the period) or a pen-name. Mr. Collier Abbott, who now undertakes to present the man and his work in earnest, has already recovered much unnoticed material. Possessors of letters or poems by Darley are asked to communicate with Mr. Abbott at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.

* * *

THERE is much excellent writing on cricket in the newspapers of to-day, but none, to our mind, better than that of Mr. Neville Cardus, of the "Manchester Guardian," and we are glad therefore to report the appearance of a book from his hands. Mr. Cardus writes on cricket, not only with great technical skill, and a nice and close knowledge of the game, but with the scholar's affection which an earlier generation of writers, with Andrew Lang as their special example, felt for it.

* * *

MR. EDWARD LIVEING has been appointed editor of "Discovery," the monthly review published by Mr. Murray. The new editor is perhaps best known on the strength of his book "Attack," a vivid description of the opening hours of the Somme offensive in 1916. Mr. Masfield contributed an introduction to the volume; and since the war Mr. Liveing has been engaged in an exhaustive survey of the poetry of the battlefields, of which there were astonishing quantities not only written but published. It is curious by contrast to notice how little verse by fighting men appears to have emerged from the Napoleonic wars.

* * *

MESSRS. BOWES & BOWES, of Cambridge, have issued their 408th catalogue, which includes several hundred books on occult science. These would doubtless awaken the bibliophile from his browsings in the eighteenth century. "Not Silent—if Dead! by H!!!!!" is evidently a work of later date. This is a surprisingly voluminous, though comparatively modern, branch of literature. We turn to Messrs. Dobell's less perturbing list, and find "Studley Park, a poem," 1756, "Archery," 1793, and other reassuring works. One or two manuscripts in this catalogue appear to be of interest, as, an account of English Ants, dated 1745, and there is a copy of Churton Collins's "Jonathan Swift," with autograph comments by Swinburne, among others, "Unspeakable Churton Collins!"

* * *

MANY Bewick items are offered by Messrs. Robinson, of Newcastle, including bank notes, coal certificates, and an inspiring little book called "The Honors of the Table, or Rules for Behavior during Meals; with the Whole Art of Carving, with the Method of Distinguishing Good Provisions from Bad, &c.," with cuts by John Bewick. The same catalogue has several works on coal, which many would like to collect. We have mentioned Darley: here is his "Sylvia," 1827, at half-a-crown. In Messrs. Brown's 240th catalogue (Edinburgh) occurs an edition of Monk Lewis's maudlin "Tales of Wonder," published at Vienna in 1808—surely a considerable rarity. The last item of all is more of a rarity, however: it is a set of Tennyson first editions from "Poems, by Two Brothers," 1827, to "Poems," published by Moxon in 1842, in the original boards, and "in the very finest possible state." £150 is asked.

A Hundred Years Ago.

1821: VILLAGE CHARACTERS.

THERE was room for satire between the hall and the village pump in 1821, and there exists a long manuscript poem, entitled "The Parish," written in or about that year, in which most of the characters then (and now) to be met with are drawn with considerable skill. The general complaint was that the honor of farming had been lost in the new characters of—

"A shooting coxcomb and a hunting Squire,"
and the shallowness had extended to another sphere:—

"Where's that lovely maid in days gone by,
The farmer's daughter, unreserved though shy,
That milked her cows and old songs used to sing,
As red and rosy as the lovely spring?"

The farmers' daughters, now "pale and bedrid as my lady's maid," were believed by the satirist to—

"Sit before their glasses hour by hour,
Or paint unnatural daubs of fruit and flower,
Or, boasting learning, novel's beauties quote,
Or, aping fashion, scream a tune by note."

They went further:—

"E'en poetry in these high-polished days
Is oft profaned by their dislike or praise";

and, possessed of this literary demon, got Enfield's "Speaker" by heart.

The village doctor finds a place among the victims. The satirist apologizes that the village should own such a luxury—whose chief ability was—

"To ease folks not of illness but their crowns."

His first case had been a cholicked horse; and since his success with that animal he had passed on in triumph, until in every patient's opinion the various complaints would at his bidding—

"Rise and pass
Like Macbeth's murdered spirits grimly on."

His methods were simple, none the less.

"He almost cures a broken limb with pills!"

We find the policeman here, for the satirist is no respecter of persons:—

"In heart and head vain, ignorant and dull
And fierce in visage as a baited bull
Appears the village constable, who bears
The affairs of state and keeps them in repairs;
Foremost in meetings he resumes his place
And gives opinions upon every case,
Reigning and ruling in the mighty state
A jackal makeshift for a magistrate,
Keeping the tools of terror for each cause
When the starved poor o'erstep his pigmy laws.
'To mark the pauper's goods the parish brand
Is in his mansion ready to his hand;
Titles around his name their honors cling
Like rags and tatters round the 'beggars' king.'"

This worthy, "knight of the black staff," is compared to a sort of smuggler; is accused of bringing his summons with attempt—

"To overcharge and get a fee for self,"
and of petty blackmail.

"Such is this Sancho of the magistrates";
and yet there was that about him which well upheld the dignity of his office and the realm—his staff, "as potent as a magic wand." He need only lift it and—

"Clowns looked, and grew submissive at the view
As if the mighty weapon froze them through."

Above even this officer stood Justice Terror,

"A blunt, opinionated, odd, rude man,"

but withal not the worst friend of the poor in the parish, even though it seemed that—

"His gifts at Christmastime are yearly given,
No doubt as toll-fee on the road to heaven."

He wore a three-cornered hat, and was known even to strangers as "the man in black"—even farmers feared his reproof, and his lectures to the guilty were regarded as sufficient penance in themselves. At election dinners this old gentleman, who was also the vicar, took his seat "with publicans and sinners," and cared nothing for politeness so long as he argued.

Science.

FRAUD: UNCONSCIOUS AND CONSCIOUS.

SPIRITUALISM is, in some respects, the most alluring, and, in other respects, the most disappointing, subject to which scientific methods of investigation may be applied. It is alluring because there are few things more fascinating than "unknown forces," and there seemed to be a chance, at one time, that unknown forces were involved in some spiritualistic phenomena. The ideally candid and balanced mind would still, perhaps, regard the existence of these forces as a possibility, although the most recent investigations help to confirm the growing conviction that nothing more than conscious or unconscious fraud is involved. Unconscious fraud, however, may fairly be dubbed an "unknown force" to the majority of people. Satisfactory evidence of its existence is not readily obtainable, for, while we may be certain that there is fraud, we may be more doubtful that the fraud is unconscious. There are one or two cases, however, where the perpetrator of the fraud seems to have been unquestionably "honest," and this fact opens to us an interesting possibility of the mind and provides an additional line of explanation for some of the more baffling spiritualistic phenomena.

The best case of the kind has been recently reported by Dr. Lay. A young woman, whom he calls Miss X., amused herself by learning automatic writing, and put questions concerning an old copper tray, an heirloom in the family. The answers to her questions purported to come from a Rob Taylor, who gave a well-known hotel as his address. She made inquiries and found that a Rob Taylor had lived at that hotel, but had recently died. Further, Rob Taylor was a well-known craft-worker in metal. A little time after she had a "vision" of Rob Taylor, sufficiently distinct to enable her easily to distinguish him from anybody else. She went to a photographer, who had been a friend of Taylor, and picked out his photograph without hesitation. She continued to ask questions regarding the copper tray, and Taylor told her to color it, and to use a certain powder. The powder, said Taylor, is called Liv—; the rest of the word was illegible. At the drug store she found that the chemical Taylor had been in the habit of using was called "Liver of Sulphur."

So far we have what spiritualists would certainly regard as a very satisfactory case. There was no reason to doubt Miss X.'s complete honesty, and, if that be admitted, it would seem to follow that she really was in communication with a discarnate intelligence. But Miss X. was persuaded to visit a celebrated analyst, and to allow herself to be hypnotized. Three separate incidents were then resuscitated, each of which she had completely forgotten. The first was the fact that she had read a newspaper account of the death of Rob Taylor, the obituary giving an account of the man, a picture of him, and his address. The second was an occasion when she had gone with some friends to dine at Rob Taylor's hotel; she had noticed a distinguished-looking man in the lobby, and had asked her companions who he was. She had been told he was Rob Taylor, the craft-worker. The third was the fact that she had done some copper work in the convent school she attended as a girl, and she remembered quite clearly that one of the chemicals used was labelled Liver of Sulphur. Every fact that was mentioned in her automatic writing, therefore, was already known to her, but inaccessible to her normal consciousness. If we accept the hypothesis that all that we have ever known is permanently enregistered in the unconscious, then the difficulty of saying that certain items of information "could not be known" to a certain medium becomes greatly increased. The medium might quite honestly share this belief, and deceive himself as much as he deceives his audience.

But the more inclusive this hypothesis respecting the unconscious is taken to be, the less value it has for spiritualism. It is not likely that all the treasures of the unconscious become accessible during hypnosis, and, therefore, if no exhaustive control experiments can be

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reminiscent of a woodpecker), the great fault of these machines is the similarity of their *timbre*, and the general monotony of their effect.

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R. H. M.

The Drama.

"BARTHOLOMEW FAIR."

Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair." Produced by the Phoenix Society.

THE PHOENIX SOCIETY is doing good service to English drama by diving into the lucky bag of old plays and each time picking out something fine or curious, brilliant, half-forgotten work like Congreve's "Love for Love" and Ben Jonson's "Volpone," or characteristic and still unfaded stuff from the pageant of our early stage history, like the "Witch of Edmonton." Sunday night's play, Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," belongs more to the second class than to the first. It is masque rather than drama, much of its psychology is mere sign-board lettering, it drags a good deal, drops into kitchen coarseness, and in style and finish is miles behind Shakspeare. It is not great literature, but it is very good chronicle-literature. Here is the broad, strong, coarse English character, about to take one of its habitual plunges into seriousness. Here is the average literary man's scorn and hatred of the Puritan, and defensive ardor in the cause of the sensual jollities he rebuked. Always this strain seems to return. Zeal-of-the-Land Busy and Dame Purecraft go to sleep for a century or two and wake up again as the Red-Nosed Man (later on intellectualized into Pecksniff and Chadband) and the second Mrs. Weller. The great London Fair is gone; but Derby Day remains, with its rascal rout of rufflers, Jeremy Diddlers, and "Mistresses of the Game," and a trifling change of plumage to mark the new assortment of Captain Rook with Mr. Pigeon. Ben Jonson is just the man for the bustling saturnalia of "Bartholomew Fair," a trifle shallow and crude, less of a wit than a humorist, not at all a dramatist of the soul, but an attentive showman of contemporary fashion. Moreover, the play dates morally and historically. It stands on the verge of the great change which was to give England a violent wrench in a new direction, only to be pulled back with equal rudeness into the old path. "Bartholomew Fair" must have been only half popular with the London of the early 1620's. Twenty years later it was unplayable. The Restoration hailed it with delight as a hardy forerunner of its own triumphant anti-Puritanism.

One word as to the production. Lady Cunard's new enterprise is invaluable to the revival of historic English drama. But it requires some rather special training in that part of the actor's art in which to-day he is most deficient. It must be heard, and very distinctly heard. The Elizabethan, and still more the Jacobean and Restoration speech is, of course, the fixed and classical English tongue. But there are many differences of rhythm and expression; and a mixed audience has rather to be coaxed into an agreeable familiarity with it. And it is not in the least degree suited to the slurred emphasis, the dropping voice, and the lazy, clipped elocution of our colloquial stage English. In fact, I missed a great deal of the dialogue in "Bartholomew Fair." So did my next-door neighbor, a famous writer who happened to be very anxious to hear it. I record one emphatic exception. Ben Jonson's Puritan, Zeal-of-the-Land Busy, is not, like Tartuffe, a great character, but it is much the sharpest piece of literary workmanship in the play. Mr. Ben Field did not allow us to be in doubt as to a word of it. So that this figure stood out sharp as a statue of bronze; while others were half lost in a mist of words.

H. W. M.

Exhibitions of the Week.

National Gallery: British Art at Millbank.

Leicester Galleries: Sculpture by Paul Manship.

THE reopening of Galleries XVI.-XXVI. of the Tate Gallery, hung with British pictures painted within the last thirty years, is an event of real importance to those who are anxious to estimate the extent of the reaction and the revival which followed the dismal period between the 'sixties and the 'nineties. The admirable arrangement of the earlier portions of the collection had led us to expect that Mr. Aitken would provide an impressive display with the works of the more recent period, and our expectations have been more than fulfilled. For Mr. Aitken has not only made excellent use of the pictures which belong to the Gallery, but he has been at pains to secure loans from the Imperial War Museum and other sources, in order to represent important contemporary artists whose approach and outlook are of a nature not immediately appreciated by all critics, and whose entry into the national collection on a permanent footing involves a certain caution and a prudent delay.

All the honors of the last period go, without question, to the New English Art Club. It is interesting to observe how completely Mr. Sargent, who belongs, properly speaking, to the Royal Academy, is outdistanced and outclassed by the New English artists. Mr. Sargent's portrait of the Duchess of Sutherland was a popular success when it was exhibited at Burlington House some twelve or more years ago. But how unsatisfactory it looks at Millbank to-day! It is true that it has a modish elegance, that the face is typical of the lady's race and social caste, and that here and there (as in the hands) we find some dexterous and intriguing drawing. But how unsubstantial the figure appears with a throat and chest like those of a hair-dresser's doll, how carelessly the artist has painted the dress (which Velazquez or Goya or Gainsborough would have made a thing of intricate beauty)! There is less pictorial tinsel in Mr. Sargent's "Professor Bywater," which has just about as much solidity as Mr. John's portrait of Colonel Lawrence in Arab costume. But both portraits evaporate before Mr. John's "Smiling Woman," the picture which made Mr. John's reputation, and which in emotional intensity and plastic realization can assuredly hold its own with any portrait painted since Rembrandt. By the presentation of this masterpiece to the nation the Contemporary Art Society has earned our lasting gratitude. Mr. John's mural decoration "Peasant Industry" (presented by Sir Michael Sadler through the National Art-Collections Fund) is another work of very unusual eminence. It is full of invention, beauty, humor, and grandeur. The characterization of the low types on the left, the design and grouping of the women in the centre (with their gentle green and pink faces, such as we find in pictures by the Siennese primitives), and the bluish-green color of the background are all alike superb. It is a thousand pities that the master did not see his way to carry this noble work to completion.

Mr. John is, of course, *facile princeps* among the artists of the New English Art Club. But there are first-rate works also representing Mr. Wilson Steer (whose "Richmond Castle" is a brilliant notation in traditional technique of a fleeting "impressionist" effect), Mr. Sickert, Mr. Tonks, Professor Rothenstein, Mr. Walter Russell, and Sir C. J. Holmes.

Messrs. Brown & Phillips, most enterprising of dealers, have introduced an American sculptor, Mr. Paul Manship, who has had something in the nature of a triumph in the States. He is a curiously unequal artist; some of his exhibits (such as "Nude Reclining") are about as bad as sculpture can possibly be; others again, such as the bronze "Dancer and Gazelles," are perfectly charming in feeling and design, and most delicately executed. The explanation of this inequality is to be found, firstly, in the evident eclecticism of Mr. Manship's studies, and, secondly, in the nature of his aesthetic impulse. Judging by this exhibition and photographs of other works, we should say that Mr. Manship knows all there is to know about the technical aspects of sculpture through the ages. He has apparently proceeded on the German system of absorbing stylistic formulæ in a search for style, and he has grasped,

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reminiscent of a woodpecker), the great fault of these machines is the similarity of their *timbre*, and the general monotony of their effect.

The "futurist" music which had been specially composed in order to show the effect of the "Bruiteurs" combined with an ordinary orchestra, was of a desolating banality and quite astonishingly lacking in invention.

R. H. M.

The Drama.

"BARTHOLOMEW FAIR."

Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair." Produced by the Phoenix Society.

THE Phoenix Society is doing good service to English drama by diving into the lucky bag of old plays and each time picking out something fine or curious, brilliant, half-forgotten work like Congreve's "Love for Love" and Ben Jonson's "Volpone," or characteristic and still unfaded stuff from the pageant of our early stage history, like the "Witch of Edmonton." Sunday night's play, Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," belongs more to the second class than to the first. It is masque rather than drama, much of its psychology is mere sign-board lettering, it drags a good deal, drops into kitchen coarseness, and in style and finish is miles behind Shakspeare. It is not great literature, but it is very good chronicle-literature. Here is the broad, strong, coarse English character, about to take one of its habitual plunges into seriousness. Here is the average literary man's scorn and hatred of the Puritan, and defensive ardor in the cause of the sensual jollities he rebuked. Always this strain seems to return. Zeal-of-the-Land Busy and Dame Purecraft go to sleep for a century or two and wake up again as the Red-Nosed Man (later on intellectualized into Pecksniff and Chadband) and the second Mrs. Weller. The great London Fair is gone; but Derby Day remains, with its rascal rout of rufflers, Jeremy Diddlers, and "Mistresses of the Game," and a trifling change of plumage to mark the new assortment of Captain Rook with Mr. Pigeon. Ben Jonson is just the man for the bustling saturnalia of "Bartholomew Fair," a trifle shallow and crude, less of a wit than a humorist, not at all a dramatist of the soul, but an attentive showman of contemporary fashion. Moreover, the play dates morally and historically. It stands on the verge of the great change which was to give England a violent wrench in a new direction, only to be pulled back with equal rudeness into the old path. "Bartholomew Fair" must have been only half popular with the London of the early 1620's. Twenty years later it was unplayable. The Restoration hailed it with delight as a hardy forerunner of its own triumphant anti-Puritanism.

One word as to the production. Lady Cunard's new enterprise is invaluable to the revival of historic English drama. But it requires some rather special training in that part of the actor's art in which to-day he is most deficient. It must be heard, and very distinctly heard. The Elizabethan, and still more the Jacobean and Restoration speech is, of course, the fixed and classical English tongue. But there are many differences of rhythm and expression; and a mixed audience has rather to be coaxed into an agreeable familiarity with it. And it is not in the least degree suited to the slurred emphasis, the dropping voice, and the lazy, clipped elocution of our colloquial stage English. In fact, I missed a great deal of the dialogue in "Bartholomew Fair." So did my next-door neighbor, a famous writer who happened to be very anxious to hear it. I record one emphatic exception. Ben Jonson's Puritan, Zeal-of-the-Land Busy, is not, like Tartuffe, a great character, but it is much the sharpest piece of literary workmanship in the play. Mr. Ben Field did not allow us to be in doubt as to a word of it. So that this figure stood out sharp as a statue of bronze; while others were half lost in a mist of words.

H. W. M.

Exhibitions of the Week.

National Gallery: British Art at Millbank.

Leicester Galleries: Sculpture by Paul Manship.

THE reopening of Galleries XVI.-XXVI. of the Tate Gallery, hung with British pictures painted within the last thirty years, is an event of real importance to those who are anxious to estimate the extent of the reaction and the revival which followed the dismal period between the 'sixties and the 'nineties. The admirable arrangement of the earlier portions of the collection had led us to expect that Mr. Aitken would provide an impressive display with the works of the more recent period, and our expectations have been more than fulfilled. For Mr. Aitken has not only made excellent use of the pictures which belong to the Gallery, but he has been at pains to secure loans from the Imperial War Museum and other sources, in order to represent important contemporary artists whose approach and outlook are of a nature not immediately appreciated by all critics, and whose entry into the national collection on a permanent footing involves a certain caution and a prudent delay.

All the honors of the last period go, without question, to the New English Art Club. It is interesting to observe how completely Mr. Sargent, who belongs, properly speaking, to the Royal Academy, is outdistanced and outclassed by the New English artists. Mr. Sargent's portrait of the Duchess of Sutherland was a popular success when it was exhibited at Burlington House some twelve or more years ago. But how unsatisfactory it looks at Millbank to-day! It is true that it has a modish elegance, that the face is typical of the lady's race and social caste, and that here and there (as in the hands) we find some dexterous and intriguing drawing. But how unsubstantial the figure appears with a throat and chest like those of a hair-dresser's doll, how carelessly the artist has painted the dress (which Velazquez or Goya or Gainsborough would have made a thing of intricate beauty)! There is less pictorial tinsel in Mr. Sargent's "Professor Bywater," which has just about as much solidity as Mr. John's portrait of Colonel Lawrence in Arab costume. But both portraits evaporate before Mr. John's "Smiling Woman," the picture which made Mr. John's reputation, and which in emotional intensity and plastic realization can assuredly hold its own with any portrait painted since Rembrandt. By the presentation of this masterpiece to the nation the Contemporary Art Society has earned our lasting gratitude. Mr. John's mural decoration "Peasant Industry" (presented by Sir Michael Sadler through the National Art-Collections Fund) is another work of very unusual eminence. It is full of invention, beauty, humor, and grandeur. The characterization of the low types on the left, the design and grouping of the women in the centre (with their gentle green and pink faces, such as we find in pictures by the Siennese primitives), and the bluish-green color of the background are all alike superb. It is a thousand pities that the master did not see his way to carry this noble work to completion.

Mr. John is, of course, *facile princeps* among the artists of the New English Art Club. But there are first-rate works also representing Mr. Wilson Steer (whose "Richmond Castle" is a brilliant notation in traditional technique of a fleeting "impressionist" effect), Mr. Sickert, Mr. Tonks, Professor Rothenstein, Mr. Walter Russell, and Sir C. J. Holmes.

Messrs. Brown & Phillips, most enterprising of dealers, have introduced an American sculptor, Mr. Paul Manship, who has had something in the nature of a triumph in the States. He is a curiously unequal artist; some of his exhibits (such as "Nude Reclining") are about as bad as sculpture can possibly be; others again, such as the bronze "Dancer and Gazelles," are perfectly charming in feeling and design, and most delicately executed. The explanation of this inequality is to be found, firstly, in the evident eclecticism of Mr. Manship's studies, and, secondly, in the nature of his æsthetic impulse. Judging by this exhibition and photographs of other works, we should say that Mr. Manship knows all there is to know about the technical aspects of sculpture through the ages. He has apparently proceeded on the German system of absorbing stylistic formulæ in a search for style, and he has grasped,

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undeniably, the formulæ of Indian carving, and of Greek and Renaissance modelling, no less than the methods employed by modern sculptors and modellers in Paris, Munich, and Vienna. Above all, he has assimilated the clear-cut linear stylization of the Greek vase painters, and it is this influence, more than any other, which controls his production. It is the dominant influence, doubtless, because, as we have suggested above, Mr. Manship's æsthetic sense is of a special character; it is, in fact, almost entirely restricted to a feeling for line. The beauty of his successful works is essentially the beauty of line. And this beauty is contained in one view only. In other words, his bronzes have no three-dimensional existence. Seen from any but the central point of view, they become a mere haphazard bundle of weak and straggling forms with no beauty or significance. They are, in effect, bas-reliefs cut out of their backgrounds. Set against a light wall, the "Dancer and Gazelles" and "Diana" constitute silhouettes conveying something of the grace and balance of figures on a good Greek vase, because this is how their creator originally conceived them. But when Mr. Manship departs from the strictly two-dimensional conception he fails most lamentably, because he is faced at once with three-dimensional problems which neither his erudition nor his technical ability has so far enabled him to solve.

R. H. W.

Forthcoming Meetings.

- Mon. 4. Royal Institution, 5.—General Meeting.
Aristotelian Society, 8.—"On Arguing in a Circle,"
Dr. F. C. S. Schiller.
- Wed. 6. Royal Archeological Institute, 4.30.
- Thurs. 7. Egypt Exploration Society (Royal Society's Rooms,
Burlington House), 8.15.—"The Season's Work at
Tell el-Amarna," Prof. T. E. Peet.

The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Bibliographical Society. Transactions. Fourth Series, Vol. II. No. 1. 84x7. 72 pp. Milford, 5/- n.

PHILOSOPHY.

Matthews (W. R.). Studies in Christian Philosophy (Boyle Lectures, 1920). 8x5½. 245 pp. Macmillan, 12/- n.

SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, POLITICS.

- Bonzon (Jacques).** L'Ascension du Traitant (Essais de Politique Financière, 4). 7x4½. 59 pp. Paris, 12, Rue de Condé, 2fr. 50.
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- Collection des Chefs-d'œuvre Méconnus.** J. O. de La Mettrie, L'Homme Machine, suivi de L'Art de Jouir. Ed. by Maurice Solovine. 217 pp.—P. J. Proudhon, Du Principe Fédératif. Ed. by Charles-Brun. 222 pp. 7½x5½. Paris, Bossard, 12fr. each.
- Humières (Robert d').** Le Livre de la Beauté. Préface de Camille Maclair. 8x5½. 503 pp., por. Paris, Mercure de France, 15fr.
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- Printers' Pie, 1921.** Ed. by Mrs. W. Hugh Spottiswoode. 11½x8½. 66 pp., 1l. 6, Great New Street, E.C. 4, 2/- n.

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- Pergaud (Louis).** Les Rustiques: Nouvelles Villageoises. Préface de Lucien Descaves. 7½x4½. 260 pp. Paris, Mercure de France, 7fr.
- Watson (E. L. Grant).** The Mainland. 7½x5. 316 pp. Cape, 7/6.

GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

- Bell (Walter George).** More about Unknown London. 7½x5. 261 pp., 16 il. Lane, 6/6 n.
- Daubeny (Uriel).** Ancient Cotswold Churches. II. by Cecily and U. Daubeny. 10x7½. 224 pp. E. J. Burrow & Co., 25/- n.
- Hamilton (J. Arnott).** A Medieval City in Greece: its Churches and its Ruins. 10x8½. 15 pp., 1l. Aberdeen, Jolly & Sons, Albany Press, 3/- n.
- Lucas (E. V.).** Roving East and Roving West. 7½x5. 149 pp. Methuen, 5/- n.
- Moseley (Sydney A.).** Haunts of the Gay East. 7½x5. 189 pp. Stanley Paul, 2/- n. paper, 3/6 n. cl.
- Nemcny (Wilhelm).** Petersburg, 1920: Tagebuchblätter aus Sowjet-Russland. 8x6½. 44 pp. Munich, F. A. Pfeiffer & Co., 5m.

BIOGRAPHY.

- Bibesco (Princesa), ed.** Une Fille de Napoléon: Mémoires d'Emilie de Pellapra, Princesse de Chimay. Publiées avec une Introduction par la Princesse Bibesco; Préface de Frédéric Masson. 7½x5½. 187 pp., pors. Paris, Editions de la Sirène.
- ***Fyfe (Hamilton).** The Making of an Optimist. 9x5½. 279 pp. Parsons, 12/6 n.
- Rother (Otto A.).** The Story of a Poet: Madison Cawein (Filson Club Publications, 30). 9x6½. 556 pp., 63 pl. Louisville, Kentucky, J. P. Morton & Co., \$6.
- ***Whitton (Lieut.-Col. F. E.).** Moltke (Makers of the Nineteenth Century). 9x6. 337 pp., por., maps. Constable, 18/-.

HISTORY.

Andrews (Matthew Page). American History and Government. 7½x5½. 540 pp., 1l., maps. Lippincott, 7/6 n.

WAR.

***Taylor (Frank).** The Wars of Marlborough, 1702-9. Ed. by G. Winifred Taylor. 9x5½. 2 vols. 482, 562 pp., maps. Oxford, Blackwell, 50/- n.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Aston (W. D.).** The Elements of the Duties and Rights of Citizenship. 4th Ed. 7½x4½. 118 pp. Univ. Tutorial Press, 3/6.
- Baring-Gould (S.).** Germanv. Revised and enlarged by Joseph McCabe (Story of the Nations). 8x5½. 479 pp., 1l., maps. Fisher Unwin, 12/6 n.
- Drayton (Michael).** Nymphidia: the Court of Fayrle. Ed. by H. F. B. Brett-Smith. 7½x3½. 35 pp. Oxford, Blackwell, 5/- n.
- Shakespeare's Sonnets.** With Foreword by H. F. B. Brett-Smith. 7x5½. 189 pp. Oxford, Blackwell, 10/6 n.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT.

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM.
EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

LECTURESHIP IN GRADE III.

A LECTURER (woman) will be required in September next to deal with methods of teaching Modern Languages (and, if possible, Latin), and to organize and supervise teaching practice. Experience in school teaching essential. Arrangements may also be made for the lecturer to give some assistance to the Professor of French. Commencing salary, £300.

Two copies of applications and testimonials should be sent to the undersigned not later than July 19th, 1921.

Particulars may be obtained from

GEO. H. MORLEY,
Secretary.

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM.
EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

SENIOR LECTURER in Education (woman) will be required in September next consequent upon the appointment of Miss M. Morton, M.A., as Principal of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Training College. Good degree, qualifications in educational theory, experience in schools and in the training of teachers essential. Two copies of applications and testimonials should be sent to the undersigned not later than July 19th, 1921.

Particulars may be obtained from

GEO. H. MORLEY,
Secretary.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

THE EDUCATION COMMITTEE invite applications for the following posts for the term commencing in September next:—

WAVERLEY ROAD SECONDARY SCHOOL (MIXED).

Senior Mistress (Specialist in French and German).

YARDLEY SECONDARY SCHOOL (MIXED).

Senior Mistress (to take charge of English).

KING'S NORTON BOYS' SECONDARY SCHOOL.

Second Master (English).

GEORGE DIXON BOYS' SECONDARY SCHOOL.

Assistant Master (Advanced Physics).

ERDINGTON GIRLS' SECONDARY SCHOOL.

Assistant Mistress (Mathematics and Botany).

The scale of salaries is at present under revision, and the Committee have recommended the adoption by the Local Authority of the Burnham Provincial Scale, with the following allowances:—

Senior Mistress in Mixed School, £60, inclusive of allowance for post of responsibility.

Second Master, £20, in addition to allowance for post of responsibility.

Post of Responsibility: Men, £50; Women, £40.

Forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned, and should be sent in at an early date.

P. D. INNES,
Chief Education Officer.

Education Office,
Council House,
Margaret Street.

CORNWALL EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

NEWQUAY COUNTY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

WANTED, in September next, a HEAD MISTRESS for the Newquay County School for Girls. Commencing salary £400.

Applicants must be graduates of a University in the United Kingdom.

Form of application and further particulars may be obtained by forwarding stamped addressed foolscap envelope to the undersigned, to whom all applications must be sent on or before Monday, 11th July, 1921.

F. R. PASCOE,
Secretary.

Education Department,
County Hall, Truro,
17th June, 1921.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

REQUIRED, a limited number of Principals (Men and Women) of DAY CONTINUATION SCHOOLS to be established under the Education Act, 1918.

Good general education, recognised academic or technical qualifications, teaching or lecturing experience, and organising ability necessary. Experience in social welfare work desirable.

Salary, £500—£25—£700 a year (Men), £400—£20—£550 a year (Women), plus an interim bonus of £10 (Men) and £8 (Women) a month subject to revision in view of Burnham Committee decision. Preference given in the case of men to those who have served, or attempted to serve, with H.M. Forces.

Apply, enclosing stamped addressed foolscap envelope, to Education Officer (T.3), L.C.C. Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C.2, for form T.3/3, to be returned by 12th July, 1921. Canvassing disqualifies.

JAMES BIRD,
Clerk of the London County Council.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

REQUIRED.—A HEAD OF THE LANGUAGES DEPARTMENT for the session 1921-22 (September to Whitsuntide), at the Choumert Road Commercial Institute, Rye Lane, Peckham, S.E.15. Salary at the rate of £100 a session, plus 20 per cent. conditionally. Duties—teaching two evenings (two hours each) a week and advising upon and supervising teaching of foreign languages.

Canvassing disqualifies. Preference given in the case of male candidates to those who have served, or attempted to serve, with H.M. Forces.

Apply Education Officer (T.7), Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C.2 (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary), for form T.17 (c), to be returned by 9th July, 1921.

JAMES BIRD,
Clerk of the London County Council.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

REQUIRED at the Hugh Myddelton Commercial Institute, St. James's Walk, Clerkenwell, E.C.1, on Fridays, 7.10—9.15 p.m., for the session 1921-22, commencing in September, an INSTRUCTOR IN JAPANESE. Salary 15s. an evening (plus 20 per cent. conditionally). Preference given to persons who have served, or attempted to serve, with H.M. Forces. Canvassing disqualifies. Apply Education Officer (T.6), Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C.2 (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary), for form T.17 (p), to be returned by 11th July, 1921.

JAMES BIRD,
Clerk of the London County Council.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND
MONMOUTHSHIRE.

THE COUNCIL OF THE COLLEGE invites applications for the following posts:—

(I). ASSISTANT LECTURER in Welsh.

(II). ASSISTANT LECTURER in English Language and Literature. The commencing salary in each case will be £300 per annum.

Applications, with testimonials (which need not be printed) must be received by the undersigned on or before Saturday, July 23rd, 1921.

D. J. A. BROWN,
Registrar.

University College, Cardiff,
June 25th, 1921.

UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY.

NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA.

CHAIR OF LATIN.

APPPLICATIONS are invited from candidates qualified for the above position. Salary (fixed), £1,100 per annum, and £150 allowed for travelling expenses to Sydney from Europe. Pension of £400 per annum, under certain conditions, after 20 years' service. Duties commence 1st March, 1922.

Further details of terms of appointment may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications (in sextuplicate, stating age and qualifications, accompanied by references and copies of testimonials, should be sent not later than Monday, 25th July, 1921.

AGENT GENERAL FOR NEW SOUTH WALES.

Australia House, Strand,
London, W.C.2,
20th June, 1921.

UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER.

FACULTY OF EDUCATION.

THE COUNCIL OF THE UNIVERSITY is about to proceed to the appointment of a Lecturer in Education. Experience in Boys' Secondary Schools is expected. Salary according to the University scale, beginning at £350 for the first year.

Applications should be sent not later than July 11th, to the Internal Registrar of the University, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

PORTSMOUTH EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

(HIGHER EDUCATION).

APPPLICATIONS are invited for the following appointments for September next:—

MUNICIPAL COLLEGE.

Principal: OLIVER FREEMAN, Wh.Sc., A.R.C.S., B.Sc.

(1) Senior Lecturer in Natural Science.

(2) Lecturer in French and English, mainly for Students of the Commerce Department.

TRAINING COLLEGE FOR WOMEN TEACHERS.

Principal: Miss E. L. WHITE, M.A.

(1) Lecturer in English and French.

(2) Lecturer in Geography.

GIRLS' SECONDARY SCHOOL.

Head Mistress: Miss A. M. KENYON HITCHCOCK, B.A.

(1) Assistant Mistress, specially qualified to teach Geography.

Candidates must possess a Degree of a British University.

Salaries according to the Burnham Scale for Secondary Schools.

Further particulars and Forms of Application may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications should be returned at once, accompanied by copies only of not more than three recent testimonials.

H. E. CURTIS,
Secretary.

Offices for Higher Education,
The Municipal College,
Portsmouth,
25th June, 1921.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF SUNDERLAND EDUCATION
COMMITTEE.

TRAINING COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS.

APPOINTMENT OF WOMAN PRINCIPAL.

APPPLICATIONS are invited for the above-named appointment. Salary, £800 per annum.

Candidates must possess an Honours Degree of a recognised British University, and preference will be given to those who have had experience at a Residential College.

Conditions of appointment may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications should be forwarded not later than Saturday, 23rd July, 1921.

NOTE.—There is a probability in the near future of the College becoming a Residential Institution, in which case board, residence, and laundry will be added to the salary now offered.

HERBERT REED,
Chief Education Officer.

Education Offices,
15, John Street,
Sunderland,
27th June, 1921.

For other Appointments Vacant see next page.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT (contd.)

UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY.
NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA.
CHALLIS CHAIR OF PHILOSOPHY.

APPPLICATIONS are INVITED for the above position. Salary (fixed) £1,100 per annum, and £150 allowed for travelling expenses to Sydney from Europe. Pension of £400 per annum, under certain specified conditions, after 20 years' service. Duties commence 1st March, 1922. Further details of terms of appointment may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications (in sextuplicate), stating age and qualifications, accompanied by references and copies of testimonials, should be sent not later than Tuesday, 2nd August, 1921.

AGENT-GENERAL FOR NEW SOUTH WALES.

Australia House,
Strand, London, W.C. 2.
28th June, 1921.

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ALLIED ARTISTS' EXHIBITION.
LAST WEEK (All day Sat.). Adm., 1s. 3d.
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LECTURES.

THE
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SESSION 1921-22.

The AUTUMN TERM begins on OCTOBER 6th.

Prospectuses and full particulars of the following may be obtained free (with the exception of the Calendar, Price 1s., Post free 1s. 6d.) on application to the Registrar:—

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HALLS OF RESIDENCE.
UNIVERSITY CALENDAR.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA.

(A CONSTITUENT COLLEGE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WALES).
Principal: T. FRANKLIN SIBLY, D.Sc., F.G.S.

THE Second Session will open on 4th October, 1921. Courses of study will be provided for (a) degrees of the University of Wales in Arts, in Pure Science and in Applied Science (Metallurgy and Engineering); (b) diplomas of the College in Metallurgy and in Engineering; (c) the training of Teachers for Elementary and Secondary Schools; (d) the first Medical Examination of the University of Wales and of other Examining Bodies.

Persons who are not desirous of studying for degrees or diplomas may attend selected College classes, provided they satisfy the authorities of the College that they are qualified to benefit by such classes.

The Departments of the Faculty of Arts and certain Science Departments will be housed in the mansion in Singleton Park, the use of which has been granted to the College by the Municipality of Swansea. Other Science Departments of the College are housed in the Swansea Municipal Technical College, but the Council is proceeding to erect new Science buildings at Singleton.

Several Open Entrance Scholarships, each of the annual value of £50, with free tuition, and the South Wales Institute of Engineers' Scholarship in Engineering of the annual value of £70, with free tuition, will be offered for competition in September, 1921.

Particulars concerning admission to the College, and of the Entrance Scholarships, may be obtained from the undersigned.

EDWIN DREW,
Registrar.

University College Offices,
Dumbarton House,
Bryn-y-mor Crescent,
Swansea.

A PEACE that Rebuilds. A series of Lunch Hour addresses will be held at Devonshire House, 136, Bishopsgate, E.C., on Monday, at 1.20 p.m. July 4th, "New Industry in the Making," Mr. Malcolm Sparkes.

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Principal: Miss STANSFELD.
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SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1921.

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